

Last Day  
For Cherry Tree  
Pictures, February 18

Helen M. Hodgkins  
1521 Kalorama Rd.  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

STUDENT

# The University Hatchet

WEEKLY

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Section One

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER  
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## Hatchet Appoints Eleven Members To Senior Staff

Required Examination in  
Journalism for Hatchet Re-  
porters, February 12

Eleven members of The Hatchet staff were yesterday appointed as members of the senior staff of the paper by the board of editors, in accordance with a new merit system to go into effect immediately.

Harriet Atwell, Charles Bell, Rhoda Blose, John Busick, Ludwig Caminita, Betty Coon, Samuel Detwiler, Virginia Hawkins, Robert Herzog, Margaret Liebler, and Wally Schmidt, make up the list.

Members of the staff will be required to take an examination in Journalism to be given Sunday afternoon, February 12, and a staff of junior assistants will be made up from candidates receiving the highest grades. The examination will require specific information on the style and headline sheets and general information on Journalism in books to be found on reserve in the University library.

The eleven members appointed to the senior staff have successfully completed four months of competition for the positions.

## University Students Do Scientific Work

Interesting Investigations Be-  
ing Made by Graduate  
Students

By RHODA BLOSE.

With possible far-reaching results in the field of practical science some of the George Washington University students in the Graduate Council are making scientific investigations along certain lines to obtain material for their theses.

Among the most interesting studies is the work of W. H. Wright, D.V.M. Mr. Wright's work deals with evidence that vitamin deficiencies play a certain role in reducing the resistance of the animal organism to bacterial infections.

**Hookworm Being Studied.**  
In the field of the study of the hookworm, investigations are being made by John Bozovich, A.M. For years the hookworm has been infecting people in the United States, especially in the mountainous parts of the South. Mr. Bozovich is studying physical and chemical influences on the migration, longevity, and viability of hookworm larvae.

Jessie R. Christie, M. S., is studying the life history of *Agamermis decandata*, a type of hairworm which infests grasshoppers. Though not usually of serious consequence here in the East, grasshoppers cause trouble on the prairies by eating the crops. This hairworm, which is a parasite, may be used to kill off the swarms of grasshoppers.

## Association Planned By Pi Delta Epsilon

All Local High Schools Will Be  
Invited to Join Journal-  
istic Group

A press association to be composed of representatives of all high school papers in the city is being formed under the sponsorship of Pi Delta Epsilon, national honorary journalistic fraternity. It was announced last week by John T. Madigan, president of the local chapter.

Efforts are being made to contact the staff of "Tech Life," "The Central Bulletin," "The Western Breeze," "The Easterner," and other high school journals. As soon as their interest in the project is manifest, a concave will be arranged, to be featured by speeches by outstanding Washington newspapermen, round table discussions, and consideration of journalistic problems. A smoker and dance may also be arranged.

Plans for the project will be completed at the next meeting of Pi Delta Epsilon, which will be held Thursday evening of this week in The Hatchet office. Prospective neophytes to the fraternity also will be considered and chosen at this meeting.

## Phi Sigma Rho Sponsors Discussion of Technocracy

Phi Sigma Rho invites all students to attend its next discussion, "Would Technocracy Be a Success?" This open forum will be held on Monday, February 6, in M-10 at 8:15 p. m.

## GEORGE WASHINGTON GRADUATE GOES TO ATLANTA JUG

A graduate of George Washington University is this morning on a train bound for the Federal Penitentiary, at Atlanta, Ga. And within a few months he probably will be known to Al Capone and all the guests of the government!

Strangely enough, however, there is no stigma attached to the ride, for Charles Herbert Miller has accepted the position of Librarian at the penitentiary. He left late last night to take up his duties Wednesday morning.

Miller has been employed as part-time assistant in the University Library for the past two years. He took his degree in Library Science here in 1931, and for the past year and a half has been working toward the degree of Master of Arts in Library Science.

## Law Review Out Today, Wins Esteem

Articles by Professor Collier,  
Leon H. Amdur, and Clyde  
B. Aitchison

The second issue of the George Washington Law Review appeared on the campus yesterday. Featuring leading articles by Charles S. Collier, professor in the School of Law; Leon H. Amdur, of the United States Patent Office, and Clyde B. Aitchison, commissioner of the Interstate Commerce Commission, this issue again reflects great credit on the School of Law.

Charles Collier discusses "Franchise Contracts and Utility Regulation," basing his conclusions on an exhaustive research on the subject in conjunction with a doctor's thesis written while attending Harvard University.

Professor Collier argues that the system of municipal franchise contracts is a serious competitor to that of regulation by a utility commission. He concludes that the franchise system threatens to supersede the present method of regulation by an administrative body.

An ingenious and distinctively original line of thought is contained in the article on "The Functionality of Patent Claims," by Leon H. Amdur, of the United States Patent Office. Mr. Amdur suggests the symbolical representation of a patent claim in order to determine its validity from the standpoint of functionality. Clyde B. Aitchison, commissioner of the Interstate Commerce Commission, contributes a laudatory treatise on "Justice Holmes and Administrative Law."

The issue contains 144 pages of legal matter, including 12 comprehensive student note editorials and some 25 recent case annotations. It includes a review of a recent work on constitutional law written by W. P. Kennedy. James F. Davidson, of the Law School faculty, reviews the book.

Copies of this issue, as well as the initial one, may be secured at the office of Publications, Building T, 2016 H street northwest.

## Flood of Petitioners Bewilder Freshmen

Newcomers Protest Number of Peti-  
tions on Heterogeneous  
Subject

When a freshman from one of the local high schools enters George Washington he expects to be hazed, razed, befuddled, amazed, etc., but he is caught entirely unawares by the most terrific and unprecedented shock of his career. In high school he has accepted, through necessity, all things exactly as they are, without even daring to think contrary to established custom, for fear of being branded a heretic. But oh, the difference here!

Petitions to right of him; petitions to left of him! "Would you like to sign a petition to have the drinking fountains painted white so they can be found in the dark?" Or perhaps it's to have a bench in the yard moved. Or perhaps—well, it can be most anything. It seems that anyone who gets an idea decides to get up a counter-petition. The poor, unsuspecting freshman, caught in a web of oratorical fluency, usually signs both.

Still, however, they will probably keep on and on getting up petitions, and, one of these days, we may bet a mulberry bush planted in front of Lusher Hall.

## PROM STAG BIDS AVAILABLE

A limited number of stag invitations will be issued this evening to the Interfraternity Council delegates for distribution. Stags will be allowed to break on the third number of each dance group. Those desiring invitations should get in touch with their Interfraternity delegate immediately.

## Criticisms Invited, Suggestions Sought, By Student Council

Program for Coordinating Ac-  
tivities Sought by Student  
Criticism

With a view to coordinating the various activities on the campus and providing official student endorsement, control, and support for organizations which affect the student body at large, the Student Council is inviting those interested to appear before it and offer suggestions. Special meetings for this purpose will be held by the Council in Corcoran Hall 27, at 8 p. m., February 8, 9, 15, and 16.

Individual invitations have been issued to a number of students, but any student, faculty member, or alumnus who desires may express his views to the Council. Suggestions and criticisms may be submitted in either oral or written form.

In inviting representative students and others to testify before it, the council expects to be able to secure information with which to work out a comprehensive program of student activities which will encourage and protect the various organizations and at the same time make them responsible to the student body.

Anyone wishing to appear before the council should communicate with any member of the Student Council.

## Entering Freshmen To Meet Tomorrow

Classes for the second semester will open on Wednesday, February 1. Assemblies for entering freshmen will be held on that day at noon and at 5 o'clock, when the new students will hear orientation talks by Dr. Cloyd Heck Marvin, president of the University, and other University officials. Provost William Allen Wilbur will preside.

A further perfection of the Junior College advisory system, effective with the opening of the new semester, is announced by Dean Henry Gratton Doyle. Each student will be informed at the time of registration, of the name of the faculty member who has been designated as his adviser and will consult his adviser personally with regard to his program. An increase in the number of Junior College advisers has been made so that each faculty member may have fewer advisees and may devote more personal attention to each.

## Economics Fraternity Has Formal Initiation

Formal initiation of the George Washington University Commerce and Economics Fraternity was held during the regular meeting, Monday evening, January 16, at the Delta Tau Delta House. Bernard Alford, Nelson Barnhart, William Waeche, Gaines Gough, Robert Beech, Don Charles Candland, Clarence Austine, and Fred Bauknight, the newly initiated undergraduates, were inducted by former President G. Douglas Taylor.

Professor Richard N. Owens, of the University faculty, initiated as an honorary member, has the distinction of being the second faculty member to attain membership. Professor Ralph D. Kennedy, a founder of the Fraternity, was a member of Alpha Kappa Psi, national commerce fraternity, at the University of Iowa.

Fred Joiner, vice-president, was host to the organization for the meeting. It was also announced by Richard Maycock, president of the fraternity, that the new members would conduct a round table conference and social session at the next regular meeting.

## Important Cherry Tree Information

1. Photographic deadline—Saturday, February 18, at 10 p. m.
2. All pictures must be made at the Casson Studio, 1333 Conn. avenue, Decatur 1333. Hours: Daily, 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.; Tuesday and Saturday evenings, 6 to 10 p. m.; Sundays, February 5 and 12, 11 a. m. to 3 p. m.
3. All Seniors, whether graduating in February, June, or next October, will appear in this year's annual.
4. Senior information cards must be filed immediately at the Publication office, 1st floor, Building T, 2016 H street northwest.
5. Organizations that have not as yet signed contracts for space in the annual must do so before Thursday, February 2.
6. All copy for the annual must be in the hands of the editor not later than Thursday, February 2.
7. Deadline for subscriptions March 1. Either mail in a check for \$4.00 accompanied by form on page 6, or pay in cash at the Publications office.

## Dreamy Waltzes, Novel Favors, Unique Stage Show Highlights of Annual Prom

12 o'clock Marks the Gate and Key Ceremony as Well as  
Appearance of the Razzberry, Whose Editors Will  
Leave Shortly Thereafter

By CHARLES A. BELL

Dreamy, melodious waltzes in a pale celestial atmosphere, novel and colorful favors in pastel shades, and a stage show featuring "torch" and lyric numbers by well-known singers, with startling imitations of famous personalities, will hold sway tomorrow night in the grand ballroom of the Willard Hotel as highlights of the annual Interfraternity Prom.

At the special request of Jacques Renard, who is bringing his orchestra here for the occasion, a theatrical stage is being built up into steps to enhance the seating arrangement. Blue and amber flood lights will set off the musicians, with the main lights dimmed for the distinctive type of waltz music which Renard features. A standing microphone also will be utilized to bring out the stringed instruments in the band.

Dancing is scheduled to begin at 10 o'clock, with the first program dance a half hour later. At 12 midnight, the grand march will take place, led by Ruth Warren with Wendell Bain, social chairman, and Ruth Critchfield with William Hanback, president of the Interfraternity Council.

**Favors Follow March**  
At the end of the grand march, favors will be presented to be followed by the formal pledging ceremony of Gate and Key, with a short talk by Provost William Allen Wilbur, regard-



RUTH CRITCHFIELD

ing the activities of this interfraternity honor society. Next will occur the presentation of scholarship and athletic cups by Thomas Vaughn and Edward Crouch, respectively, members of the Interfraternity Council.

After the presentation, Jacques will

(Continued on Page 5)

## Pan-Hellenic Group To Hear Legislator

Mayflower Luncheon Enter-  
tainment to Feature Trou-  
badour Vocal Trio

Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owens, of Delta Gamma, member of the Florida delegation in the House of Representatives, will be the principal speaker at the annual Pan-Hellenic luncheon to be held at the Mayflower Saturday, February 4, at 1:15 p. m.

At the head table will be seated outstanding members and officers of the various sorority groups. Special tables are being reserved for the active chapter members of George Washington University and the University of Maryland.

Miss Marie Mount, representative of Kappa Kappa Gamma, is arranging the list of hostesses, which will consist of two prominent women from each sorority.

The Troubadour Trio, composed of Margaret Gilligan, Annabelle McCullough, and Grace Giffen, will sing several numbers.

Reservations for the luncheon may be made with Mrs. M. L. Gillfillen, 224 Third street southeast or with Miss Maude O'Flaherty, Columbian College office, Building H, until Thursday, February 2, at 12 noon.

## Speakers' Congress Honors Critchfield, Linville, McNeill

Clara Critchfield was chosen speaker of the Speakers' Congress at that organization's annual elections on January 18. Other new officers are Gilbert Linville, speaker pro-tem; Lee McNeill, chief clerk; Charles A. Bell, assistant chief clerk; Grant Vandemark, treasurer; and David Betts, sergeant-at-arms.

The Congress is planning a banquet to be held at Club Michel on February 17. Denis Connell, prominent dramatic coach, will be toastmaster.

## Howell, Newcomer To Starting Line-up, Leads Marine Rout

Colonial Quintet Wins With  
Ease on Home Court;  
Score 69-18

For the second time during the current season the Colonials ran rampant over a weak Marine aggregation. The final count was 69-18. Jimmy Howell's "hot-hand" was a colorful spot in an otherwise colorless rout. Scoring 20 points, Jimmy raised his season average to a level with the District leaders.

Lee Carlin, who entered the game midway in the first half, fell against the side walls on several occasions, and stumbled in the inimicable Missouri fashion that caused much merriment among the spectators. The stands and highly prized standing space went unfilled for the first time this season, but the crowd that gathered for the event was enthusiastic and cheered the team throughout the contest.

When the curtain dropped on the first act—the name of blond, blue-eyed Jimmy Howell was on every tongue. The Colonials had scored 11 points before the Marines broke ice; when ten minutes had passed the score was at 15-2. Tosik, the Leatherneck's forward, was the only player that had managed to endanger the Buff and Blue's defense. Carlin and "Long Bill" Noonan entered the contest when the score stood 21-2; as the game progressed Noonan's eye improved, and before the final whistle had sounded he amassed 11 markers.

The Devilog coach must have come through with a first-rate pep talk during the half, because it was a steady team that opened the second period. Gann, Quantico guard, vied with Tosik for honors during the last part of the game; but when the ever-rising score reached the 40-10 point, the Pilemon broke loose. Howell again went crazy, and the locals scored 20 points in the waning minutes of the contest.

"Otis" Zahn played his customary consistent brand of ball, but fell short on the scoring end of the play. Ty Hertzler scored 5 points before he gave way to Noonan in the first half, and "Ike" Chambers raised the ante by a quintet of markers before "Soapy" Fenlon went into the game.

From the opening tap-off, Hertzler to Burgess, until the timekeeper's watch clicked off the final, the G. W.-ites never relinquished their stranglehold on the scoreboard, as evidenced by the run of the score which traveled along like this: 11-0; 15-2; 21-2; 39-11; 48-15; and rested at 69-18.

George Washington	Quantico
Howell, f., 22	Tosik, f., 3
Wray, f., 2	Dupler, f., 0
Burgess, f., 4	Sterling, f., 1
Mulvey, f., 0	Tipton, f., 0
Carlin, f., 3	Bell, f., 0
Hertzler, c., 2	McCrath, f., 0
Noonan, c., 5	Williams, c., 0
Zahn, g., 2	Shell, c., 0
Parrish, g., 0	Cann, g., 1
Chambers, g., 2	Kerr, g., 0
Fenlon, g., 1	Ferrill, g., 0
	Newbold, g., 1
Totals, 30	18

Referee—Kall.  
Umpire—Enright.

## Elon to Furnish Colonial Opposition

The Colonial Varsity five will be out after a victory Saturday night to help improve its season percentage, now standing at eight wins and four losses, when it meets Elon College in the George Washington gymnasium at 9 o'clock. Next Monday, February 6, the local courtmen will engage with Rider College, of Trenton, N. J., a team that has defeated the Colonials in their last two meetings.

Little is known concerning the ability of the Elon team, but as in the past, the greatest concern lies in the performance of the locals, rather than that of their foes. If the Colonial basketballers play the game which they are capable of, they are a match for most any team, as evidenced by the last game with St. John's whom they held to a one-point margin in an overtime game.

A chance for revenge is offered in the Rider game as the Colonials are two down in the annual game classification and a win would go a long way toward soothing the local feeling.

The Rider courtmen are in the position similar to that held by the Tulsa gridmen in regard to George Washington activities, so they are on the proverbial "spot" for this year's game. The game last year, the last on the schedule, was lost by the locals, 40-39, on the disastrous trip north, during which three games were lost, all by a total of five points.

With the team greatly heartened by its bid to participate in the new York tournament, and with the revenge sentiment against its rivals, the Rider College courtmen are in for a lively evening.



# The University Hatchet

Member

Intercollegiate Newspaper Association of the Middle Atlantic States—National College Press Association.

Editor: C. MANLEY FESLER  
Business Manager: LESTER M. GATES

Associate Editors: JOHN T. MADIGAN, CATHERINE PRICHARD, WALTER RHINEHART

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Harriet Atwell, Charles Bell, Rhoda Bloss, James Busick, Ludwig Camilleri, Betty Coon, Samuel Dettwiler, Virginia Hawkins, Robert Herzog, Margaret Liebler, Wally Schmidt

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## GEORGE WASHINGTON PUBLICATIONS

Executive Officer: Douglas Bement  
Graduate Manager: Henry W. Herzog

WASHINGTON, D. C., TUESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1933

## Welcome, New Freshmen!

## We Want Your Help and Offer Ours to You

This week sees the arrival of a brand new group of freshmen. We welcome you into George Washington University. We are glad to have you form an integral part of a going organization. You will be expected to contribute something to that organization in return for what you may rightfully expect to take away. What you contribute will depend upon the extent of your participation in the various activities of the University. You can do much or little as you choose and you will enjoy your stay here in exact proportion to the interest you manifest. What you take away from the University depends upon the same thing. In other words, it's up to you. Again, we are glad to have you with us. You can do a lot; we hope you will, and if The Hatchet can help you, do not fail to look us up.

## The Student Council Has a Good Idea, but—It Will Require Lots of Cooperation

Elsewhere on this page appears an open letter from the president of the Student Council to the student body of George Washington University. The proposition of the council as stated in the letter is an admirable one. We believe there is room for much to be accomplished in the direction of coordination of effort of the many organizations on campus; but we would warn the Student Council that it is attempting a difficult job. Just how it proposes to do the job is not explained in the letter and we imagine that a definite program of procedure will only be developed if and when the cooperation which is asked for is received. Heads of organizations can help; they must help if anything is accomplished by the council in this direction. The cause is a worthy one and each and every group stands to benefit alike. We hope the response to the solicitations of the student council receives many enthusiastic replies.

## It is Childish to Destroy Property; It Can Be Stopped and It Must Be Stopped at Once

It seems a shame that the wickets which have been placed about the yard in a desperate effort to protect what little grass we might have room for, have to be maltreated in the way they are by students of the University. Within the past three years the appearance of the yard has changed markedly. Everyone admits the changes have been for the better and, ostensibly at least, everyone favors such improvement as is possible within the limited confines of our University yard.

It should not be necessary to remind people of college age that their cooperation is necessary for the furtherance of the University's plan to improve the appearance of the yard. Such cooperation is necessary and if not received voluntarily should be required through disciplinary means. The Hatchet favors such disciplinary action unless these childish tendencies to destroy are curbed immediately.

## Do You Want a Job? Do You Know of One? If You Do, Call at the Employment Office

Little has been heard recently of the activities of the University Employment Office. In these times of stress we feel that this office can and should do much good at George Washington. But the office alone can do nothing.

Students who are seeking employment should not fail to register at the employment office in the Lambie House, and it is quite possible that a great number of them may receive part-time employment at least.

If any students are in a position to give information to the employment office which would be of use in aiding its staff to secure full or part-time jobs for students needing them, they should not fail to perform this service.

Let us reiterate. If you want a job or if you know where there is a job, be sure to get in touch with the University Employment Office in the Lambie House. You can do a real service.

## If You Have Books to Sell, or Buy, Look Up the Student Book Exchange

John Lannan and Dale Hill are operating a book exchange for the benefit of students who may want to dispose of last year's second semester books and also obtain texts for the new semester either in

exchange for these books or at a price that is within reach of their pocketbooks. These men are offering a service to the student body and are, at the same time, trying to earn their way through the University. By patronizing their book exchange you will save money for yourself and will be contributing to a good cause. The Hatchet indorses the student book exchange, which will be found at its old stand in front of Quigley's, at Twenty-first and G streets.

## The University Band Offers an Opportunity to Some Organization

The University Band continues to function smoothly at George Washington. In spite of the many handicaps in the way of this organization it has made a name for itself second to none among the many activities on campus. Little do students realize when they listen to the concerts at basketball games and other University functions that members of the band have fought and are fighting a very uphill battle. They need all the encouragement that lies within our power to give them.

Herein is an opportunity for some organization or organizations at the University. Last year Gate and Gey staged a popularity contest in conjunction with the University Carnival and raised almost \$800 for the band. It would be foolish to expect anything like that amount at this time or from the average smaller group. But there are several organizations at George Washington who are continually casting about for something to do to justify their existence and at the same time afford them publicity in the student body. The Hatchet suggests that these organizations seriously consider the possibility of doing something concrete and something that will stand as a monument to them and their membership. We are sure that the band would appreciate any such action by any group in the University.

# CHIPS

Hello, my good people,

And it pains me to say hello, as it may be our last hello. When the bell strikes twelve at midnight on Wednesday, February 1, the most daring campus tabloid will be in your hands. With the hiring of the Sunset Limited every precaution has been taken to carry the editors of this sheet to safety in the West, where it is hinted they will matriculate at the University of Yap, Hawaii, or some other place equally as difficult for Dean Doyle to reach.

## Don't Miss It!

The  
Scandal Sheet  
of the  
Century

## THE 1933 RAZZBERRY

Dashing, daring expose of campus life . . . makes the Petticoat look like a regular issue of the Literary Review. What everybody thinks or ever hopes to think. No "Petticoats," but every slip and combination in Greek life . . . it's the NAKED TRUTH! !

## A Dick Rollo Publication

## Two-bits

On sale: Premier appearance on Feb. 1 at midnight. Also on sale to the general public on Feb. 2 at the Hatchet office.

Next week by special delivery from Timbuctoo on the way you, Rollo will send his welcome and special advice to new Freshmen, as well as a review of the year's social spectacle . . . the Interfraternity Prom. Until then a little cheer and pleasant dreams—au revoir.

DICK ROLLO.

## Bouquets and Brickbats

And now that the second semester has begun . . . bouquets to those who have survived exams . . . and for that Post Reporter who arose in a Sociology class to glibly contend that there is no depression in the field of journalism two complimentary copies of the "Razzberry" . . . and a couple of doubts . . . just in case he hasn't recognized the city editors and desk men out of a job as a result of Hearts and Block curtains and mergers . . . as to the contention that a deposed pencil pusher can always find profitable diversion of his talents in the publicity line and the like there is just the suggestion that there are several ways of starving . . . some prefer the publicity bureau and syndicate route . . . others go directly to relief agencies . . . and to that petite blonde coed who boasts sorority affiliation we have plenty of respect after being admonished in the coy, sweet tones of a foghorn . . . "hey, would youse mind movin' on" . . . while in line at the Food Shoppe steam tables . . . our respects to the "dance queen" who promises to pay her \$1 election bet "after exams" . . . plenty of bouquets for the G. W. quintet in its showing against St. John's . . . and plenty more posies for its rating a Madison Square Garden invitation . . . meaning a trip to New York for the charity tournament in February . . . lots of weeds to those vociferously poor sports who insist upon boohing decisions at basketball games . . . and again Malkus and his music makers made a good job of things at the recent "Tin Tabernacle" spectacle . . . a bouquet for the nonchalance of that law student who knocked the professor's derby off the hook as he was about to quietly slip out through the door fifteen minutes before the hour . . . (yes, he picked the hat from the floor before leaving) . . . and we're all for the proposed Junior Prom . . . and there's the Lacrosse team to look forward to . . . and here's a "Welcome Freshman" for those who will make their debut at G. W. upon the completion of second semester registration . . . bouquets for the efforts of "the man who grows" to provide entertainment between halves . . . plenty of good words for the committee which has arranged for a mammoth evening when the Greek Letter boys stage their "Interfraternity Prom" . . . (the really BIG social event at G. W.) . . . especially for their successful efforts in making available a "depression price" proposition . . . and plenty of roses to the business department which has again extended the "instalment privilege" to students without the payment of interest . . . (a welcome gesture in "these hard times") . . . and the two-day registration period deserves honorable mention . . .

ANTON OMASIA.

## LETTERS to the Editor

### Plans Solicited For Student Government

To The Editor:

Observers as well as those connected with George Washington University readily admit that this is one of the fastest growing educational institutions in the country. The dreams of the founders of this institution, for a university in the Nation's Capital, which "would draw students from all sections and would make our citizens more homogeneous and make for more perfect union," have been realized.

This is not the result of accident or chance, but is the result of a gradual growth from a foundation built by men of foresight and vision. During the past five years, under the leadership of President Marvin, the institution has grown in numbers, has expanded its curriculum, has added new members to its faculty, has excelled in scholastic accomplishments and in intercollegiate competition.

It is the desire of your Student Council to perfect a student government at the University which will be in keeping with the other highly developed divisions of the school. It is with this in mind that we are asking the cooperation of the individual students in the University.

It is evident to anyone familiar with student activities on the campus that there is no coordination between them. Each activity is working independently of the other with resulting conflicts which prove detrimental to all groups concerned.

In a university such as ours, composed of undergraduate and professional schools with diversified interests and views, it is only fair and just that some group or body representative of the University, as a whole, exert a coordinating influence over the various activities which all students are mutually interested in and for which they are financially responsible.

The Student Council, in attempting such a task of coordination, desires to secure the judgment and views of all interested parties and so is inviting representative students from all divisions of the University to appear before it and offer suggestions and criticisms. Such suggestions and criticisms may be submitted either orally or in written form. Assurance is given that careful consideration will be given to all views expressed or made known to the Council. The Council will be glad to have any student, faculty member, or alumnus appear before it.

The purpose of the Student Council is to coordinate the various activities of the University—to bring them all together in a definite, comprehensive program with official student endorsement, control and support.

The following dates have been scheduled for open hearings and should these dates prove insufficient the Council will be glad to continue its investigation on subsequent dates:

Wednesday, February 8.  
Thursday, February 9.  
Wednesday, February 15.  
Thursday, February 16.  
Meetings will be held in Corcoran Hall 27 at 8 p. m.

Students, alumni or faculty members desiring to appear before the Council should notify a member of the Council, and a definite date will be assigned.

T. ELTON BILLINGS.

### Ball Chairman Suggests Commendation for Aides

Washington, D. C.,  
January 29, 1933.

To The Editor:

The commendation of Ray A. Heimbarger expressed by the editorial in the last issue of The Hatchet was undoubtedly well merited. He has worked hard to make the extra-curricular activities of the Engineering School interesting, and successful in the purpose for which they are organized.

However, since approbation is being expressed, it would be better to include the others in the same group who have worked equally as hard toward the same end. I refer specifically to Val Darling, Student Council representative and president of the Engineers' Council, and to Warren Weiss and Herman Miller, treasurer and secretary respectively of the A. S. C. E. and the A. S. M. E.

Sincerely,

Floyd D. Traver,  
Chairman, Engineers' Ball Com.

## Programs

## Tickets

## Stationery

## Booklets

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## Professor Kayser's Book Draws Praise

Favorable comment upon Professor Elmer Louis Kayser's recently published work on Jeremy Bentham is made in two Canadian publications.

The Canada Bar Review terms Professor Kayser's work "a worth-while contribution to the list of books and magazine articles written in this century year, for our learning about the man, Bentham, and his rank as a political philosopher and jurist."

The Manitoba Free Press states that Professor Kayser's study of Bentham

"in relation to his Liberal Nationalism is significant, because some of the things Bentham fought for have been achieved and other of them are still to be achieved." After pointing out the pertinence of Bentham's thinking to present-day problems, the Free Press continues: "It would seem that Bentham's ideals could be profitably studied in these perilous times; and Mr. Kayser is to be commended on doing this pertinent study that should help in a revival of Benthamism."

Professor Kayser's book, "The Grand Social Enterprise. A study of Jeremy Bentham in his Relation to Liberal Nationalism," was published by the Columbia University Press.

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## SPORT axe T

By

ROBERT P. HERZOG

The athletic department has announced a program of expansion. With this announcement some students reflect upon the sanity of expanding when universities and colleges, all over the country, struck by the depression are cutting down on every hand. During the past season our department has added two new posts to its staff—director of publicity and assistant basketball coach. We do not begrudge these offices; we consider them worthwhile. There has been a strong move toward lacrosse which, however, I regret to say appears doomed to failure; intramural activities have been expanded; baseball becomes part of the sport calendar; a football schedule which means investment of thousands of dollars in guarantees is presented; and an athletic plant is maintained at great expense. The more cynical among us have failed to realize the possibilities of such a development. Those of us less addicted to such a morose attitude find it possible to follow the thoughts which are running through the minds of a prey and a competent Board of Trustees when they allow the athletic office to make these extensive moves.

We feel that these administrative officers are conscious of: (1) the need of well rounded curricula in a university; (2) the fact that a commercial view can not be neglected, and that a complete athletic schedule provides the publicity which is so necessary in advancing financial independence; (3) that alumni, students, prospective students and friends take pride in a university that flaunts a wide, successful, intercollegiate sports campaign. This is, primarily, because in American colleges, successful athletic teams have followed favorable academic environs.

It appears that in general, the complainants against advancement of intercollegiate activities are part-time students or students who find no time to devote to such things. We can readily understand this attitude, but we can not so readily sympathize with it. In this university day students are constantly "put out" by having to attend classes at 5 or 6 o'clock scheduled for the benefit of part-time students. Though from time to time opinions

(Continued on Page 5)

## Natators Lose Three Meets to Delaware, Virginia, Y. M. C. A.

Rote and Ghormley Break Records; Meets All Lost by Close Scores

George Washington swimming teams lost three tank engagements during the last two weeks when the varsity yielded to both the University of Delaware and the University of Virginia, and the "B" squad succumbed to the Y. M. C. A. tankmen.

The Colonials' varsity mermen lost their third consecutive meet by 32 to 34 to the University of Delaware while the "B" squad were defeated 40 to 35 by the Y. M. C. A.

The Buff and Blue varsity swimming at Charlottesville also lost to the University of Virginia, 37 to 29, last Saturday. In spite of the two local pool records broken by Captain Max Rote and Dyer Ghormley in the 50-yard free-style and the 200-yard breast-stroke, respectively, the Colonials lost when the Cavaliers copped the relay, diving, breast-stroke, and 440-yard swims.

George Washington's main support was found in Captain Rote, who won two first places, and in Dyer Ghormley, who took off a first and second honor. Hain and Sompayrac added to George Washington's strength when each won a second place.

Summaries of Virginia Meet: 200-yard relay—Virginia first, (Graveley, Call, Prince and Morse). Time 1:44.5.

Fancy diving—First, Graveley (Virginia); second, Sompayrac (G. W.); third, Bonner (G. W.).

50-yard free style—First, Rote (G. W.); second, Morse (Virginia); third,

(Continued on Page 6)

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## Inspired Colonial Quintet Nosed Out In Overtime Play

Gothamites Flash Power and Speed to Tie Score in Last Minute

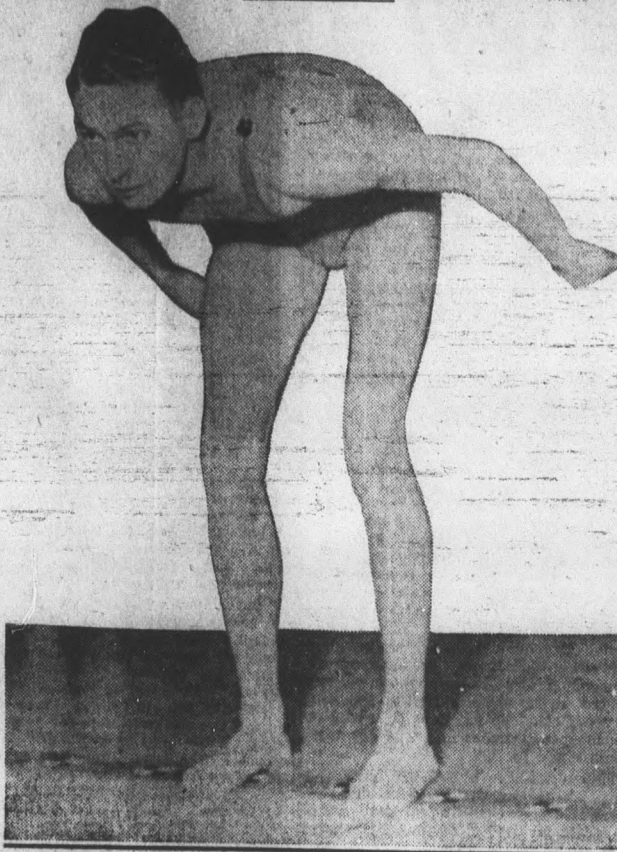
Playing the finest basketball it has shown at any time this year and flashing the class it exhibited frequently last year, the Colonial five bowed in an extra-period contest, 36-35, to St. John's of Brooklyn, on January 21, in the G. W. gym. Before a thrill-packed crowd which roared its approval constantly at the whirlwind, superb play of both quintets, a crafty Johnnie forward, Jack McGuiness, followed up a foul that Marchese failed to make and with a second to play knotted the count at 30-30 as the timekeeper's gun marked the end of the regulation contest.

In the five minute extra period, St. John's pierced the Colonial defense three times in succession before George Washington was able to tally. Slott, Marchese and Luzar were the individuals responsible for these scores and the home fans were ready to concede the game. Captain Zahn and his cohorts figured differently, however, and with 45 seconds to go rolled up five points and had the winning tally on the rim; but the ball, propelled by Wick Parrack, failed to roll in and the visitors retrieved the oval as the game ended.

These strictly eleventh-hour scores were accounted for by "Otts" Zahn, who tallied a field goal and a charity shot, and Forrest Burgess, whose goal from the floor made his total for the evening 15 to lead all scorers. Slott, visiting guard, scored 13 to lead the New Yorkers and become runner-up to the Colonial captain for scoring honors.

This exciting close to the best court battle on the local stage this season followed a see-saw struggle of the liveliest type. Six times George Washington held the lead and five times the visitors were favored with the advantage; five times the count was tied.

## Swim Team Captain Reaches Prominence In Local Circles



Seldom, if ever, has G. W. possessed an individual athlete who has attained such an enviable record as that of Max Rote, stalwart captain of the Colonial mermen. For three years he has occupied a place of prominence in aquatic sports at G. W.

Capt. Rote, in three years of inter-

collegiate swim competition has never yet met defeat in his specialty—the 100-yard free style. During that time he has lost but one 50-yard dash. His opponents have been members of some of the best collegiate teams in the East

(Continued on Page 5)

## Boxing Enthusiasts Organize Group As Squared Circle

Former College Middle-weight to Coach Men in "Art of Self-Defense"

"To foster the principles of self-defense for the mental and physical benefits derived" is the purpose of the boxing club now in the process of organization on the campus. Led by Harry Kleiman, himself a real champion, a group of enthusiastic ring fans have taken upon themselves the task of establishing a "Squared Circle."

Kleiman will coach the team. He is a former intercollegiate boxer, having served on the N. Y. U. team, and on the G. W. team of 1930. His record shows no defeats for intercollegiate matches; he numbers among his victims Pasquale of Catholic U., Hagerty of Georgetown, Maestrelle of M. I. T., Ryan of Manhattan, and several other collegiate boxers who attained national fame.

The club will consider boxing as a science from its basic principles up to the more advanced stages of the game. Coach Kleiman says, "Unlike other sports, the individual, as such, rather than a group will be considered in the efforts to master a situation, by his own efforts and ability." It is hoped that exhibitions can be given at important University functions.

On Saturdays from 10 till 11:30 a. m. the club meets in the gymnasium. All men interested in the art of self defense or the science of boxing are urged to join. At present the roster consists of P. Case, A. Atiles, H. Apler, M. Silverman, L. Brodtkin, A. Gerber, P. Diamond, W. Slaird, G. Baulsir, L. Fine, I. Robbins, W. Stanley.

Big Game Night Wide Open

Co-eds at the University of California are allowed liberty until two-fifteen every morning, except the "Big Game" night, when there are no rules.

## Pixlee Accepts Bid To Charity Tourney

Basketball Team First Out-riders to Compete in New York Event

As a result of its fine play against St. John's of Brooklyn here ten days ago, Jim Pixlee's Colonial five has been invited to participate in the charity basketball tournament in New York City on February 22. This tournament, founded by former Mayor James Walker last year, included only five New York quintets in its first meeting and George Washington is the first outside team to be invited.

Fordham, Columbia, New York U., City College of New York, and St. John's are the local representatives to compete and in addition to these col-

(Continued on Page 5)

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# SOCIETY

## Social Functions Curtailed by Exams; Interfraternity Prom on February 1 Is Highlight of University Calendar

### Jig-Saw Party Forms New Kind of Entertainment for Intellectuals

Social events were decreased in number during this past week due to the concentration of students on exams. However, everyone is looking forward to the outstanding event of the year, the Interfraternity Prom, to be held at the Willard, February 1.

### Students Visit During Mid-Winter Recess

Anne Lou Harrison spent the mid-winter recess at the University of Virginia at Charlottesville, Va.

Catherine Crane and Virginia Pope attended the Hop at West Point over the week end of January 28.

Margaret Borjes, former student at George Washington, and Bob Gray, of the Law School, entertained four couples from the University at a jig saw party on January 21 at the former's home.

During the holiday recess T. U. O. en-

tertained at a charity party at which gifts and candy were distributed.

### Annual Panhellenic Luncheon Scheduled for February 4

The City Panhellenic will hold its second annual luncheon February 4, at the Mayflower, for all sorority women in the city.

Margaret Thompson entertained the actives and pledges of Zeta Tau Alpha at a dance and treasure hunt on January 27.

Among those seen at Wardman Friday, January 27, were Mr. and Mrs. M. H. O'Brien, Christine Spignul and Russell Coombes.

T. U. O. had as recent guests Brother Rees, of the University of Illinois, and C. O. McRae, a G. W. alumnus.

Wilhelmina Ludwig and Peter Levathes attended the performance of "Pagliacci" at the auditorium Sunday, January 16.

### Ed Kemper Receives Sigma Chi Pledges

Ed Kemper held a reception for the pledges of Sigma Chi at his home on Norwood Drive. Those present were Peggy Bastable, Eleanor Yocum, Elsa Melhorne, Virginia Jones, Marie Smith, Louise Rex, Evelyn Eller, Betty Martin, Kitty Wessel, Wilbur Langtry, Kent Algire, John Chadwick, Sam Walker, Walter Rhinehart, Andrew Knappen, William Lomerson and Fred Bullard.

Katherine Welling spent the week-end in Florida.

Alpha Chi Sigma held a smoker at the Hay-Adams House Saturday, January 28.

Kappa Sigma was host at informal dances held Friday and Saturday evenings.

Sam Caldwell left Sunday, January 29, to spend the week end in Philadelphia.

A dance is being planned by Sigma Alpha Epsilon to take place some time next month.

Charles Tobey spent this week end in New York.

Delta Phi Epsilon held its regular business meeting Monday night, January 30, at the Tau Upsilon Omega House.

### Minerva Club Will Give Dance

The Minerva Club will entertain at a dance on February 21. Kenneth Dexter's Orchestra will provide the music. The dance will be held at the Sigma Alpha Epsilon House.

Sigma Kappa held a scavenger hunt Monday night, January 30, which started at the sorority rooms and ended at the Boat Club in Alexandria.

Among the George Washington students who attended the dance given at the Odd Fellow's Hall Saturday, January 21, were Sallie Casteel, Midge Casteel, Ethel Parrack, Rhoda Blose, Ty Hertzler, Wick Parrack, and Jimmie Howell.

## Greek Letters Once Part of Great Epic

### Alphabet Evolved From Poem Describing Destruction of Mu, Declares Archeologist

How many of you Greek brothers and sisters know that the alphabet you rattle off so glibly has been translated? How many of you pledges realize that the syllables you are so painfully acquiring are a great epic poem?

According to Col. James Churchward, famous British archeologist and author of "The Lost Continent of Mu" and "The Children of Mu," the present form of the Greek alphabet is only one of the many literary monuments, among which is the Egyptian "Book of the Dead," erected to the memory of the motherhood of man, that great continent of Mu which sank beneath the waves of the Pacific some twenty thousand years ago.

This alphabet is said to be composed of Kara Maya vocables evolving from Naacal, the original language of the world. A translation which follows the syllabication of the words is as follows: "Heavily break the waters extending over the plains; they cover the plains in low places where whirlwinds obstruct the shores, striking the earth with water. The waters spread on all that lives and moves on the ground, obstructions give way, and submerged is the land of Mu. Only peaks appear above the waters, whirlwinds blow around until, little by little, there comes cold air. Below, where valleys existed in the circular places, are now abysses, cold depths, mud formed. A mouth opens, vapors and volcanic sediments come forth."

This romantic hypothesis with its lurid picture of the greatest disaster the world has ever known does much to attach a similar dramatic glamour such as Atlantis enjoys to our own prosaic "Alpha, Beta, Gamma."

### Night Clubs More Popular With Students This Year

The final exam on Friday evening was a signal for George Washington students to "step-out" to local night clubs, fraternity houses and then the interfraternity prom this week.

Washington night clubs whose prices used to be prohibitive have been forced by the lure of college student business to reduce rates and schedule "college nights." Among the most popular rendezvous with Colonial students is the Club Michel at No. 1 Thomas Circle, where Pete Macias and his band hold forth. Three acts of floor show with Marty Rubin as master of ceremonies, are also on the bill, which is repeated three times a night at 8:30 and 12 p. m. and 2 a. m. Dinner from 6 to 9:30 p. m. is another part of the attraction that appeals to George Washington men and their dates.

## Preparations for 1933 Cherry Tree Recalls Memories of Old Columbiad

### Class Mottoes, Bustles, and Nietzschean Mustachios Fea- tures of First Annual

The approaching publication of the Cherry Tree brings to mind a certain publication called the Columbiad. For those whose memories do not extend beyond the second decade of this century, it may be explained that the Columbiad was the slim, blue-bound shrub (note the admirably mixed metaphor) which has developed into the contemporary Cherry Tree. The year 1899, it may also be explained, was the year of bustles, ultra-modern leg o' mutton sleeves and, for the men, celluloid collars, and luxuriant Nietzschean mustachios.

Each class had its motto, its colors and its yell. For instance:

"Ninety-nine! Ninety-nine!  
Who will find? Who will find?  
Such a class as Ninety-nine!"  
yelled the Columbia seniors, with lofty disregard of the false rhyme. The juniors, not to be outdone, responded vociferously:

"Euchre, Poker,  
Crap, Fan-tan,  
Nineteen hundred,  
Columbian!"

which was rather worse, prosodically. And, inconsistently enough, a trailing arbutus swung rhythmically from the lapel of every spirited junior.

Sigma Chi on Campus

Even in that remote time, Greek letter fraternities were an inextricable part of collegiate life. The Epsilon Chapter of Sigma Chi had been founded a full thirty-five years before, precisely fourteen years after Columbian College received the deliberated approval of the 31st Congress. In 1899 the Epsilon Chapter boasted fourteen active and full-fledged members. In 1889 the Columbia Alpha Chapter of Pi Beta Phi was established, the second Hellenic organization at George Washington University. The latter, in turn, was followed by Phi Kappa Psi, who counted

## WHO'S WHO ON THE CAMPUS



KATHLEEN WATKINS

Kathleen Watkins, a senior in the Division of Library Science, is serving her second term as the representative of that school on the Student Council of which she is at present the vice president. She was recently elected vice-president of the class of 1933.

"Kay" has not confined her ability to one narrow field, but has exercised it in many different lines. During her freshman year she made a start in activities by working on the business staff of The University Hatchet and the sports staff of the Cherry Tree. This latter work she continued for two more years. From 1931 to 1932, Kay served on the Panhellenic Council as a member of the board of the Women's Athletic Association, president of the Baptist Student Union, and a member of the Student Council. Last year she was sent as Panhellenic delegate to the national convention at Indianapolis. Dancing, another one of Kathleen's accomplishments, brought her a place in the Troubadour chorus of 1932.

Kathleen is a member of the Student Life Committee, secretary-treasurer of Hour Glass, and president of her social sorority, which is Alpha Delta Pi.

### McNitt and Green Elected Heads of Phi Delta Gamma

Mrs. Arnold McNitt was elected president, and Mildred Green, vice president, of the Beta chapter of Phi Delta Gamma at the January meeting of the international graduate fraternity.

Phoebe Knappman gave a talk on "Birds and the Monument." She has been collecting and making studies of the birds which strike the Washington Monument in their flight South, for the Bureau of Biological Survey.

Following the meeting, tea was served by Nina Booth, Janet Frost, Phoebe Knappen, and Mathilde Williams.

among its faculty members the Howard L. Hodgkins whose granddaughter is at present a sophomore here, and a pledge to Pi Beta Phi. By 1898 Theta Delta Chi and Nu Epsilon had been founded. And if the college had its social fraternities, it had also its clubs. There was a bicycle club for devotees of the tandem and single-seaters. There was the Old Guard of the scientific school which boasted among its officers such reverend dignitaries as a holder of the sacred goal, a lord protector of public morals, a lord destroyer of fried oysters and last and quite the least, a custodian of the chronically empty treasury.

Variety of Clubs

There was a luncheon club, a camera club and, perhaps most curious of all, a chuckling club. The members of this interesting organization included a leader of chuckling, a faintly squealing one, a visitor from Jokerville, a teller of (quite respectable) funny tales, and she of the broad grin. The Chucklers' colors were chestnut brown and nighrah blue. Their flower was the lowly seaweed and their Epicurean motto, "Eat, drink, and be merry; for tomorrow we die." And since by their yells ye shall know them, the Chucklers' somewhat artificial cry was composed of the following amused ejaculations:

"Hal Hal Hal  
He! He! He!  
Ho! Ho! Ho!  
Tugboat."

There was a Young Women's Christian Association, a Columbian University Lawn Tennis Association, a Young Men's Christian Association, a Current Literature Club (shade of W. D. Howells), a baseball team, and a male octette.

It was not until 1906 that the name of the little ancestral blue-bound Columbiad was changed. Perhaps because Columbian College had become George Washington University two years before, the book became a large volume known as "The Mall." Not until some time later was the picturesque appellation of "Cherry Tree" adopted.

## Jacques Renard's Personality Lends Weight to Melodies

### Russian Orchestra Conductor Was Violinist for the Great Pavlowa

Jacques Renard, the rotund director of the Camel Hour Orchestra, tips the scales at 300 pounds. He is the largest man in the musical world today, since Paul Whiteman reduced. Once he melted away sixty-four pounds in two months, at Hot Springs, Ark., only to gain it back in a month.

Jacques is very jovial, sentimental and generous. He is married and has three daughters and a son. He maintains a penthouse in New York City and has a summer home at Long Beach.

Renard was born in Kiev, Russia. His father was a Cossack in the Czar's Imperial Army. Discontented with Russia, he emigrated to America when Jacques was just able to play on the linoleum. The family settled in the Chelsea district of Boston and the boy took up the study of the violin. He became known as a violin virtuoso. Karl Muck, then directing the Boston Symphony Orchestra, heard him play and agreed with other musical experts that the lad undoubtedly would be heard from. Then came sixteen-year-old Renard's tour of South America and Europe as violinist for the great Pavlowa, Polish ballet dancer. Successfully overcoming the handicap of being a youthful prodigy, he was about to continue his life on the somewhat tempestuous concert seas when he came under a new influence. Meyer Davis, famous orchestra-manager, began telling him of the rewards in his field. The words of Davis were a sort of siren song that fell on eager ears. So Renard finally compromised with his musical aspirations by accepting the baton of a Boston dance orchestra. This was ten years ago.

### Renard Features Melody

Success in this field inspired him to organize his own orchestra. He made it a purpose to emphasize the melody—featuring a strong string section with a background of low register clarinets or a saxophone choir and the muffled drum pounding an insistent rhythmic beat. Boston liked his music and his popularity spread, his orchestra playing at Coconut Grove, the Copley Plaza, Waldorf-Astoria, and other popular night clubs and hotels. Finally he opened his own club, the fashionable Mayfair. The elite of Boston flocked there to dance and listen to his distinctive music.

Having explicit faith in his orchestra, he made a special trip to New York, where he persuaded Columbia Broadcasting officials to carry his music over the network. Immediately his melodies won the fancy of radio listeners and in the comparatively short time of two months the name of Jacques Renard became a byword in broadcasting circles. The orchestra was summoned to New York on Wednesday for an audition with Morton Downey on the Camel program and on Thursday a long-term contract was signed, which was renewed four times. The Camel program was a pronounced success and featured attraction on the radio due to the smooth, precise, and rhythmic manner in which the orchestra's accompaniment dovetailed into Downey's high tenor and beautiful voice.

### Has Played Throughout Country

Since the termination of his Camel contract last September because of efforts of that company to reduce advertising expenses, Renard and his orchestra have been booked on the stage continuously at leading theaters throughout the East. They have become known as a smashing stage hit in the theatrical world and headlined at every house, including a two weeks' engagement at the famous Capitol Theater in New York City.

The orchestra has recording engagements with Victor, Brunswick and Columbia studios. It has just completed a special arrangement in the recording of the popular song, "Night and Day." It has also made Vitaphone shorts with outstanding radio entertainers, including Arthur Tracey, known as "The Street Singer," Morton Downey, Mildred Bailey, Arthur Jarret, and Tony Wons. It is understood in broadcasting circles that Downey and Renard will be heard again on the air under a commercial contract when Renard completes a middle western tour on the stage.

Jacques is anxious for continued success. He wants his music to be liked, welcoming criticism, and in his zealous desire to further his music, he tries to hide his own person in the background—but talent above poundage shoves him forward.

### SIGMA MU SIGMA INITIATES

Prof Mitchell Dreese of the School of Education, Ralph V. Baldwin, Donald Packer, Charles M. Baum, and Stephen R. Woodzell were formally initiated into Sigma Mu Sigma on Sunday night, January 29.

Before the initiation a dinner was held at the chapter house at 6 o'clock, after which the pledges gave several skits.

## Talk on Social Work Will Be Given at 'Y'

"Social Work as a Vocation" will be the subject of an address to be given by Mrs. Mary F. C. Leute at 8 p. m. February 3, in the assembly hall of the Y. M. C. A., 1736 G street northwest.

Mrs. Leute holds the position of secretary of the Social Service Exchange, and is child welfare secretary of the Council of Social Agencies.

This is the fifth in a series of lectures offered by the committee on vocational guidance of the Y. M. C. A. under the chairmanship of Dr. J. Orin Powers, associate professor of education at George Washington University. These lectures, to which the general public is invited, are held every Friday night.

## Three University Thespians In Drama Guild, "Olympia"

When the Drama Guild gave its latest play, "Olympia," by Ferenc Molnar, Thursday and Friday nights, January 26 and 27, at the Wardman Park Little Theater, three of the George Washington thespians played leading roles, and the director of the production was Constance Connor Brown, director of Dramatics at the University.

Virginia Barclay Wilson, Paul Bradbury, Dennis E. Connell, and Royal Gunnison, all had leading parts in this story of the romance between a princess and a captain of the Hussars.

Although she is not enrolled in the University at present, Virginia Wilson, last April, had one of the leading roles in "The Contrast." Dennis Connell was the director of the Troubadour's production this fall, "Oh, Say Can't You See." Royal Gunnison, who has had dramatic experience with stock and played the villain in "Cock Robin," this fall, had only three rehearsals for his part in "Olympia," but gave an excellent performance.

## Purdue Publishes Campus Newspaper to Send Home

At Purdue University a unique publication known as "Dad's News" is published four times a year by a student staff. The purpose of the publication is to carry news of campus events to fathers of students.

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## Education Statistics Show 23 of Every 1000 Attend College

Twenty-three of every 1,000 adult Americans are college graduates, and 125 of every 1,000 are high school graduates.

These statistics, compiled on a nation-wide scale by the Federal Office of Education in Washington, appear in the December issue of The High School Journal, monthly publication of the school of education. Other facts on education in the United States reported are:

The chances of a boy or girl going to high school, which were only one in 25 in 1900, are now one in two.

The chances of a boy or girl going to college, which were only one in 83 in 1900, are now one in six.

One of every four Americans attended some kind of school during the past year.

Of every 1,000 pupils in the fifth grade, 610 enter high school, 260 graduate from high school, 160 enter college, and 50 graduate from college.

Cost Statistics.  
Ten cents per day paid by every person of voting age in the United States would pay the entire bill for public education. Cost per year for each child is: elementary, current expense, \$67.82; high school, \$144.03; college and university, \$500.

Costs per school day per child in public elementary school, 39 cents; in high school, 80.9 cents.

Costs per hour per child in public elementary school, 7.8 cents; in high school 16 cents.

— The Kentucky Kernel.

## SPORT AXE

(Continued from Page 3.)

have been registered against this condition, no definite rebellion has been instituted. The day students understand the plight of the night school attendants. It seems only fair that in view of this consideration alone, the less fortunate night students might "relax their tension" on their more fortunate colleagues.

And wouldn't those cynics, mentioned above, burn up if they knew we'll probably have a track team, too, and boxing.

Congrats to the basketball team, selected to go to New York to meet up with the finest court teams in the East. The tournament is on February 22—and after this year it will be Washington's birthday and the day G. W. won its first big tourney. Any of you people that stayed home to study last Saturday night a week ago and missed that St. John's game ought to go down and have your heads examined—it's a good thing Big Jim happened to be away because that game would have made his blood pressure look like a weather vane on a windy day—imagine scoring 5 points in the last 45 seconds of an overtime period—Mitchell (the referee) was so befuddled that he announced his wedding the same night—the game was so close that it would have made a Scotchman look like a spendthrift—and above all, the gym was so crowded that even if you people that stayed home and studied had come down you wouldn't have been able to get in.

Credit is due a lot of other people this week, so let's get to it: To Max Rote because in three years of inter-collegiate swimming he has never lost a 100-yard race; to Wayne Chambers for his outburst of fury that fired a smoldering flame in the basket ball team; to the boys who are (vainly) trying to put over a lacrosse team; to the local sports reporter who, by keeping "something" under his hat saved a lot of embarrassment in local quarters; and an extra large razzberry to the reporter on another rag who said Forrest Burgess (averaging 12 points a game) has lost his shooting eye.

Recently in his feature column in the Washington Herald, Bryan Morse devoted his entire space allotment to Bert Green. In case you don't happen to know Bert—he's the trainer around at the gym—his best marks of identification are a cauliflower ear, broken nose, a baseball cap and an appearance of being busy. My fellow-columnist related the story of Bert's rise through the prize-fighting game, and his appointment as trainer at G. W. However, Bryan failed to mention that it was he who hired Bert 12 years ago. Mr. Morse was at that time basket ball coach and director of athletics; later Bill Quigley, as football coach, took up most of Bert's time; Bert took care of the players, trained the boxing team and handled the stiff down at the Med school. In his decade of service Bert has watched G. W. grow; he has travelled all over the continent with the football team; and he has made an enviable reputation for his diligence, and the conscientious manner in which he carries out his tasks. It is gratifying to note that service is rewarded, even if it's only a few column inches in a daily paper.

## Northwestern Professor Requires Students' Photos

Students in contemporary thought at Northwestern University must hand in their photographs with their notebooks hereafter, Professor Baker Brownwell announces.

"I have so many students I can't remember who they are from their names," he says. "I want to know who who when I grade the notebooks."

## "Keyhole Dick" Rollo to Be Big Noise In This Year's Relentless "Razzberry"

Whole Herds of Amateur Winchells Descend on Closeted Skeletons as Compilation of Interfraternity Gossip Sheet Begins

Razzberry! Razzberry! to you, and you, yes—and you. And no one will be spared. For who, gentle reader, do you think has been selected to edit the perennial scandal sheet for this year's Interfraternity Prom? None other than the irresponsible Relentless Rudolph of the publications staff, the snoop, soupy, nosy, noisy, rattling, tattling, scaring, daring Dick Rollo!

The bravest figures on campus were seen to cringe when word of the catastrophic appointment was first noised about! Co-eds trembled in hallways and highways, strong men became weak, and even the University buildings were observed to quake. For which of them does not have its deep, dark secret? The medical building, especially, has a number of skeletons in the closet! And the library building—well.

Winchell, Heywood Brown, Rothwell Brown, yes, and even the author of "Washington Merry-Go-Round" were passed up by the Council. For this

must be an issue of unadulterated dirt. And who can equal Rollo?

Signing of the contract was broadcast over the Buff and Blue network of the NBC (Nasty Broadcasting Company). After the signatures were affixed, a raucous multitude of cheers went up from the throng, which consisted of Dick Rollo. Richard was asked to say a few words for the public. Grasping the mike in his wrong hand, he bellowed, "Hello, mudder, I bet youse is proud of your little brat tonight, ain't youse? A little cheer and pleasant dreams, mudder, I'll see youse in the laundry."

In anticipation of vicious attempts on the life of Rollo, the celebrated king of the tattlers has been furnished with a Swiss Guard of pen-wielders (the pen is mightier than the sword), who have sworn to stand by him until after the night of the prom. After that, his fate is in your hands. So, on with the dance. Hew to the line, let the CHIPS fall where they may.

## Kane, Troupe Star; Frosh Stop Western

With Barney Kane scoring a total of 18 points, the Colonial freshmen quintet chalked up another victory in its favor on January 17 in the H street gym by beating Western High, 39 to 28, in a well-played game. Western put up more of a battle than was expected, displaying a very versatile shooting attack.

Toll Troupe, Colonial center, accounted for 13 points for second honors in the scoring division. Corcoran, Bieri and MacPherson were leading scorers in Western's line-up.

## Flunks Still Worry Students More Than Overdue Tuition

Wrinkles and gray hair are attributed to various causes, but in a survey of the Purdue University psychology classes it was found that the main things which caused students to worry in 1928 were school studies, which concerned 56 per cent of the students, and money matters, feared by 40 per cent.

Other factors checked as causes of worry were family affairs, 21 per cent; social affairs, 17 per cent; love affairs, 12 per cent; and religion, 5 per cent. A more recent survey has shown a still greater increase in worry over studies and money, while social worries have fallen into the background.

## HIGHLIGHTS OF ANNUAL PROM TO BE UNIQUE

(Continued from page 1)  
introduce a stage show featuring "Toots" Mondello and Ronald Groome. Mondello, saxophonist, baritone, comedian, entertainer, and imitator of stars such as Ted Lewis, Joe Frisco, and others, was featured for several years with Mal Hallett's band, and with Aaronson's Commanders at the Coconut Grove night club in Hollywood. Ronald Groome, lyric tenor, was a featured vocalist with Abe Lyman, and at Yoeng's Restaurant in New York with Johnny Herrod's orchestra. His favorite number is "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?"

The infamous scandal sheet, The Razzberry, edited and perpetrated by the notorious Dick Rollo, will make its appearance at this juncture, and, after the giggles and snickers have subsided, Jacques Renard will again take up his baton, continuing to elicit sweet strains from his corps of musicians, withholding his final downward flourish until 2 a. m. at the close of his invitation to trek to "Home, Sweet Home."

## PIXLEE ACCEPTS BID TO CHARITY TOURNEY

(Continued from Page 3)  
leges and G. W., two other court teams will be included at a later date, bringing the total to eight for the round-robin.

Last year in Brooklyn, metropolitan sport scribes and coaches were much impressed with the play of the Colonials as they took the short end of a 40-37 count. Although the result of the second meeting between these teams on the G. W. floor was nearly the same, it was the nearest the undefeated Johnnies had come to grief in their 13 victories and necessitated an extra period for the final result to be determined. George Washington's great play and fighting spirit when it scored five points in less than a minute of play drew only praise from the St. John's outfit and undoubtedly was responsible for its tournament invitation.

## SWIM TEAM CAPTAIN REACHES PROMINENCE

(Continued from Page 3)  
including Duke, Johns Hopkins, and Delaware.

By swimming the century in the very fast time of 56 2-5 seconds at the Ambassador Pool in the meet with Rider College on January 14, of this year, Rote broke every record in the District for that distance. He set the District A. A. U. record for the same distance last year. Among his other achievements are the Ambassador pool 50 and 100-yard records and the Crystal pool 120-yard record. Only an unfortunate illness at the time of the elimination try-outs kept him from the Olympics.

Max began his competitive swimming career six years ago at Central

High School. During the summer he devotes his leisure time to water-polo; last year he was captain and center of the championship municipal team which was not scored on during the season and which later walked away with the tournament conducted by the Airport pool.

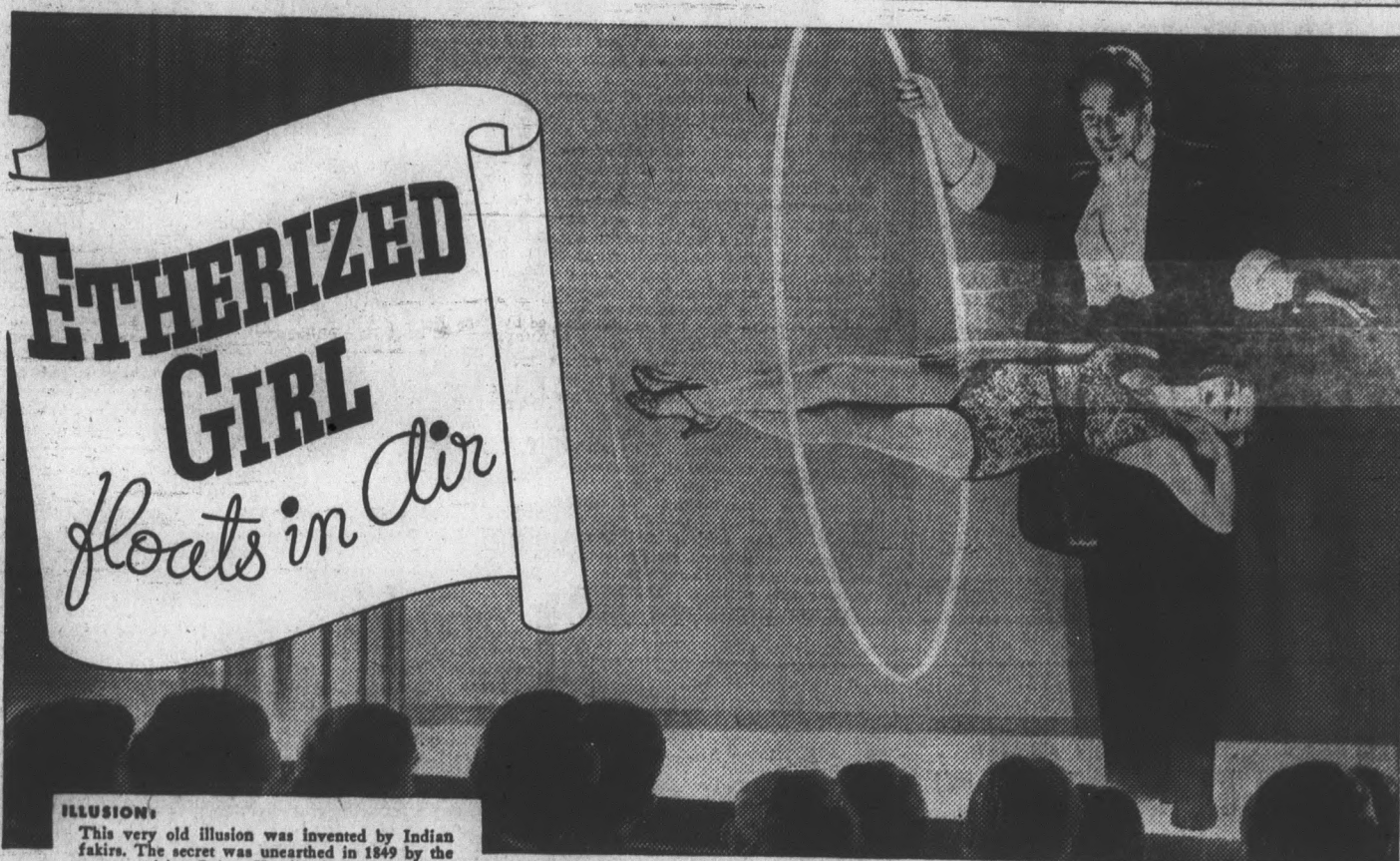
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### ILLUSION:

This very old illusion was invented by Indian fakirs. The secret was unearthed in 1849 by the great magician, Robert-Houdin. At that time, ether had just been discovered, and little was known about it. Houdin claimed that he had discovered that this new anesthetic could make people light as air. To prove it, he caused the subject to rise into the air and float apparently suspended. He passed a hoop around the body to show there were no wires or supports.

### EXPLANATION:

There are many, many explanations for this old trick. One is that the girl wears a concealed harness, which ends in a socket between her shoulder blades. This is attached to a piston below the stage. The piston is pushed up from below, causing her to rise in the air. The piston is invisible, because it is covered with mirrors which reflect surrounding draperies, similar to the background. The magician can pass the hoop over her body because it is cut in one place. It can be pulled apart for a second when it passes the piston.

SOURCE: "Modern Magic" by Professor Hoffmann, George Routledge & Sons.



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## LEGAL EXPERTS ASSIST LAW REVIEW STAFF



CHARLES WARREN

CLYDE AITCHISON

JAMES MURDOCK

LOYD SUTTON

Four legal experts have been named departmental advisory editors of The George Washington University Law Review which were issued to some 1,000 subscribers yesterday. James Oliver Murdock is a member of the legal staff of the Department of State and lecturer on international law at the Law School. Clyde B. Aitchison is a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Loyd Sutton is an instructor in the Law School and Charles Warren is a prominent legal author. These men will give the staff contact with legal experts in the fields of international law, Interstate Commerce Commission matters, patent law, and constitutional and legal history. They will determine the acceptability of contributions to the Review covering the particular fields of law which they represent.

### Mathematics Club to Hear A. Sinkov at Next Meeting

At the next meeting of the Mathematics Club, A. Sinkov, a graduate student of George Washington University, will speak on "Groups Generated by Two Operations of the Same Order." The meeting will be held February 15, in Corcoran 22.

## Technocracy Death-Knell Sounded in Interviews Offered by Faculty Professors

Hatchet Canvas Discovers Psychology Department "Interested"; Doctors West, Willard and Donaldson Comment on Facts and Failure

In making inquiry from professors representing the various colleges and schools of our University concerning "Technocracy" which is second only to jig saw puzzles as the most attention-engaging subject in these United States at present, the following is the result of the canvass.

From the psychology department no definition of Technocracy was forthcoming, although it is admitted that the various instructors are much interested in the idea.

Dr. West, of the School of Government, while declining to give any definition of the word, said that in his opinion Technocracy was sinking fast.

Dr. Willard, professor of sociology, was a little more explicit in his views on the subject. He says, "Technocracy in practice is not what it is in theory. It seems to be an attack on our present price system and the development of a thesis of the way in which life should be organized according to the sources of power. The Technocrats make a criticism of the way the machine industry has been developed in our civilization. They claim human affairs should be ordered according to the social uses of energy. Logically Technocracy means 'rule by Technocrats.' A Technocrat may be any engineer or any type of technician. They wish to set up society in terms of engineering."

Donaldson Gives Views.  
Professor Donaldson, of the department of economics, has done some research on the subject and recently broadcast an address on Technocracy which he may publish soon in the form of magazine articles. The following

are his findings concerning Technocracy:

"Technocracy is vague, extremely vague. These Technocrats are fadists, who have taken a little knowledge of physics, engineering, and economics, mixed them together and have brought out Technocracy. Until recently their headquarters for experiments have been at Columbia University. They claim to have measured the entire energy of the United States. Due to a split between Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia, and Chief Technocrat Scott, that university will no longer be its haven. Technocracy is mostly nonsense and is weakening. It presents no plan to solve difficulties. People will soon weary of it."

"Technocracy refers to a concept, a group of engineers who studied some economics, and a movement to correct economic and other ailments of society. It claims to work out a form of 'energy determinants' so automatic and comprehensive that if laid on any part of the map the exact economic possibilities of the area could be shown."

"Its cardinal point is in establishing a new order in which everything is measured in terms of energy. Energy units such as calories, joules, etc., are completely exact and unvarying in contrast to our present varying criterion, the dollar."

"It attacks our entire price system which it claims is the center of the present economic disorder. Prices, according to the theory, are meaningless, inexact and unjust."

### Origin of Technocracy.

"Technocracy originates in the so-called problem of 'Technological Unemployment.' This phenomenon has been known and studied for a number of years. It refers to the old phenomena of men put out of work by machines. This has been going on since the Industrial Revolution. In individual cases the results of this 'Technological Unemployment' may be unfortunate but prevailing opinion is that it is a temporary thing. The Technocrats on the other hand claim that it is permanent unless they are given control of society."

"Technocrats insist that we are still progressing enormously in the mechanics of production. However, many inventions that have been made have not been introduced because they have been retarded by the price systems. Their introductions mean infinite production and an extremely short working day. Technocracy says, 'We could work two hours a day and have a standard of living ten times as high as that of 1929. We can manufacture a razor that will last a life time and an automobile that will be good for fifty years. We don't do this now because under the present system it would hurt industries.'"

"These Technocrats claim to have measured the various parts of the world. The British Empire is cracking; coal is its only source of energy. Western Europe is split into too many national units. Russia has lots of energy but its present system is no better than capitalism. Asia and Africa have little to go on. North America and the United States in particular have unlimited possibilities in machines, energy and personnel. It should skim the cream. However we must change our price system. Like private capitalism, Communism and Fascism

## CALENDAR

Tuesday, January 31

Orchestrists will meet at 7:15 p. m. at the Ten O'clock Club, 1608 K street.

Wednesday, February 1

The Newman Club will have a meeting followed by bridge and dancing at 9 p. m. in the Hay Loft Club, 1326 Massachusetts avenue northwest.

The Drama Appreciation Club will meet at 8 p. m. in Lambie House.

The freshman basketball team will play Tech this afternoon at the Tech gymnasium.

Thursday, February 2

Delphi will meet at 7 p. m. in the Kappa Kappa Gamma rooms.

The junior class committee chairmen will meet at 12 noon, in W-16.

The Shakespeare Society will meet at 8:15 p. m. in W-15.

Friday, February 3

The Art Appreciation Club will meet at 8 p. m. at the home of Miss Harriet Garrels, 1615 Kenyon street northwest. Chapel services will be held at 12:10 p. m. in W-10.

The freshman basketball team will play Gonzaga at Gonzaga.

Saturday, February 4

The varsity basketball team will play Elon at 8 p. m. in the G. W. gymnasium.

Monday, February 6

The varsity basketball team will play Rider College at 8 p. m. in the G. W. gymnasium.

The Women's Intramural Board will meet at 12 noon, in Building R, second floor.

## NATATORS LOSE THREE MEETS TO DELAWARE, VIRGINIA, Y. M. C. A.

(Continued from Page 3.)

Ghormley (G. W.). Time, 25.3 seconds. 440-yard swim—First, tie between Tarplee and Swartz (Virginia); third, Burnside (G. W.). Time, 6:14.0.

150-yard backstroke—First, Prince (Virginia); second, Hain (G. W.); third, Kroll (Virginia). Time, 1:58.2. 200-yard breaststroke—First, Ghormley (G. W.); second, Blumenthal (Virginia); third, Farrar (Virginia). Time, 2:32.2.

100-yard free style—First, Rote (G. W.); second, Morse (Virginia); third, Vedder (G. W.). Time, 0:57.5.

Colonials Engage Hopkins

Three tank meets remain on the Colonial natators' calendar. February 11 the Buff and Blue tankmen fill another engagement against Johns Hopkins in Baltimore. William and Mary return for another meet at the Ambassador pool on February 17. Duke University closes the swimming season by coming here the following week on February 25.

George Washington's first trial attempt at water polo comes Friday when a team recruited from the Colonial swimmers will meet the Washington Canoe Club at the Shoreham pool. The official line-up has not been announced.

are failures. They are just tagging on to the same price system.

Has Inconsistencies.

"As we look it over we see that Technocracy seems to be made up of physics, engineering, and economics mixed with ridiculous fallacies and inconsistency. Everyone knows of the economic advances since the Industrial Revolution. To say this advance goes on isn't new and the flaws in our present economic system are known. We have no assurance that we would be better off if we scrapped the system."

"Along with its striking inconsistencies and superficialities Technocracy fails to offer a substitute plan. It threatens society with destruction unless it is given control and promises great prosperity if it is. However, it fails to state what this control is."

"Technocrats have made one specific proposal. That is to do away with the dollar and have our prices in energy. We should be paid in 'energy tickets' to be used and punched like meal tickets in the purchase of commodities. The price of a pair of shoes, for example, should be reckoned as follows: Compute the energy the cow took to eat the grass; the energy expended to kill the cow and tan the hide; the energy used by the manufacturer, the wholesaler, the retailer, etc., and then one would have the cost of shoes."

"Another difference between this system and our present one. Technocracy would abolish politicians, statesmen, economists, and business men. Most economists haven't paid attention to the attack and the majority of engineers have ignored it entirely."

"Its two major merits are as follows: Technocracy brings the major faults in our economic system more spectacularly to the attention of the masses; secondly, in its brighter moments when it stresses the remaining potentialities in economics whereby we raise the standard of living and get more leisure we may get an injection of optimism which has a psychological effect of stimulating us out of the depression or else Technocracy will make us laugh ourselves out of it." And thus Professor Donaldson concludes his talk on Technocracy.

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# The University Hatchet



## Monthly Literary Review

Vol. 29, No. 17

JANUARY 31, 1933

Section 2

### 1932 As A Socialist Sees It

By NORMAN THOMAS

**I**N THE late summer and autumn, times of great beauty and abundant harvests in our America, I have been both close observer and participant in two national political campaigns—1928 and 1932. They did not partake of nature's splendor. Immense as was the gulf between the years in the outward and inward condition of America, the campaigns were ironically alike in two respects: in both the masses voted their prejudices and hates, not their convictions or hopes, and in neither did their choice give one confidence for the future of democracy—or what we call democracy—in America.

These facts are symbolized in the fate of Herbert Hoover. Elected by an immense majority because that majority did not want his opponent, he was later defeated by a greater majority because the voters far more decidedly did not want him. Of this hatred of President Hoover, Franklin Roosevelt was the beneficiary. In a year of crisis he was elected with far less personal confidence in him than I have ever seen in American politics. Perhaps my experience is peculiar; it is at least extensive. In thousands of miles of travel and in conversations with all sorts of people, some of whom knew me as a Socialist candidate and some of whom did not, I have not either before or after the election heard one expression of that confidence and affection in our President-elect which was, and still is, freely bestowed on such diverse political figures as Eugene V. Debs, William Jennings Bryan, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson or Alfred E. Smith. But then, three of these never achieved that goal which Franklin Roosevelt won so handily from a people who candidly resented any effort to make them examine their candidate's record or speeches. Which shows that all too often in human affairs hate, not love, is the ruling and the uniting passion. At any rate the election of 1932 was an angry stampede of the human herd. Herbert Hoover became the symbol of a people's woes and a scapegoat for their rage. Yes, and for their own sins; for the opposition to Mr. Hoover could never have been so intense if it had not arisen in millions of hearts from the feeling: "I voted for this man and his party." These electors voted in much the same mood as the golfer who breaks his club after a particularly bad shot or the child who throws away his blocks when he can't make his building stand up.

But this picture of democracy in 1932 requires some filling in and fairness compels some recognition of other motives than this hate of the Hoover administration.

Herbert Hoover did not make the present depression. He could have been a much greater man and yet been unable to prevent or cure it within the limits of the economic order he and the masses still accept. That fact would not have saved him from rejection by a people who give their leaders undeserved credit in prosperity—witness the life, work and miracles of Calvin Coolidge—only to hold them personally to blame for adversity. But for the magnitude of his rejection he was largely responsible, partly by such amazing blunders as his whole conduct in connection with the bonus marchers and his calm statement in his acceptance speech that he had "given assurance and made arrangements that none among us shall suffer cold and hunger"; and partly because of his unqualified promises of prosperity in 1928. How often he must have wanted to hang, draw and quarter the particular publicity man who coined the easily remembered phrase: "a chicken in every pot and two cars in every garage" in his behalf! If he had not promised so rashly in 1928, completely forgetting the war whose aftermath he made the villain of the plot in 1932, his speeches this year would have carried more weight. Once or twice he



Illustration by David M. Flax.

came near making an intellectually presentable statement of the case for his brand of collectivist, paternalistic capitalism, under which the state ministers in emergency to sick business for the general economic good, only to spoil it by a ridiculous reversion to his old talk about "the American plan," based on an individualism of personal initiative, all of which in the sense in which he used his words was given the lie by every act of his administration. All in all, the rejection of Mr. Hoover and his party was based on a sound instinct.

The amazing thing is that Governor Roosevelt had to offer so little by way of performance or promise to be the beneficiary of this rejection. Even such progressive supporters of the President-elect as Senator Norris and the LaFollettes do not for an instant claim that he offers so complete or so advanced a program as Mr. Bryan offered in the depression of the nineties. During the last two weeks of his campaign, Mr. Roosevelt's principal concern was to prove to Wall Street and the business world generally how safe he was. To this end he paraded the support of Owen D. Young and John J. Raskob and he was backed by the categorical assurance of the widely read Kiplinger's Weekly Letter to its business clientele that Roosevelt was as safe as Hoover.

I do not intend to repeat in detail the analysis I made of Governor Roosevelt's record and speeches during the campaign. I see no reason to modify it for the better now that the tumult and shouting have died. I have read mildly deprecatory comments in reviews on Paul Blanchard's and my description of Governor Roosevelt's relations to Tammany in "What's the Matter With New York," but no serious challenge to the exact truth of what we said. Neither has the Socialist criticism of the gross inadequacy of his program of unemployment relief or the failure of his power or banking program to protect the people of New York been answered.

Nevertheless his election represented to millions a change, and in that change was the kind of magic luck a new pack of cards might bring. More substantially, in cities like New York and Chicago, the dominant machine was Democratic and to desperate millions its favor meant a crust now and then or some friend at court in hour of need. Besides, the absurd vehemence of President Hoover's attack on his rival's vague assurance that every unemployed worker should in great emergency be guaranteed maintenance by the government gave that promise a luster passing anything Mr. Roosevelt ever said or did to give it meaning. These things, added to the overwhelming hate of Hoover in the minds of a populace worried, anxious, instinctively skeptical of doing much by political action, and by no means sure what it wanted to do, gave Mr. Roosevelt his victory. In its blindness this stampede crushed out minor parties like Coin Harvey's and Father Cox's, and reduced both the Socialist and the Communist vote below what the most conservative prophets had forecast. Men and women, as some of them told me, simply couldn't take a chance on voting Socialist for fear of Hoover's election. They could not or would not believe the truth that a big Socialist vote would do them more good, whoever might win, than a choice between two evils.

For this situation the minor parties were not wholly without fault. Except for the Communists and Socialists they were mushroom affairs without philosophy or organization. The Communists have energy and sufficient appeal to get out in city after city more demonstrators on public squares than voters at the polls—a fact that editors complacent about American conservatism need seriously to ponder. Their political campaign was exceedingly inept. It consisted mostly of an attack on Socialists, not necessarily bad tactics from their point of view, but badly carried out. Solemnly to circulate our audiences night after night with the statement that I believed in lynching, and similar slanders, proved scarcely effective for making Communists, however must it may have added to the forces of blind and synical discontent which are the raw material for Fascist exploitation.

Our chief Socialist weakness was, as it has been since the war, in organization. Organization counts both in getting out the vote and getting it counted, the latter being not the least of our difficulties. Fortunately in the last year, especially the last six months, new and healthy organization has been springing up from which I hope great things. I cannot too highly praise the work of some of our organizers, both those connected with party offices, national and state, and volunteers. Socialism may be getting "respectable"; in city after city marked Socialist activity still costs a man his job, which may be one of several reasons why we made a better showing in the Literary Digest poll than at the election. It is the very insecurity of workers, not yet convinced that somehow things may not magically change for the better if they go along with the less bad of the old parties, which makes them hesitate to vote Socialist. Yet they abundantly showed their interest by their attendance at our meetings, for many of which we charged admission and at all of which we took a collection. It must be added that where our organization is supposed to be best—in Wisconsin and New York, for example—we obviously have not yet educated our sympathizers who support us locally to go down the line for us, especially when as in New York many of them have strong racial reasons for voting on the Democratic ticket for a Jewish leader like Col. Lehman, who has also been something of a friend to labor—particularly to the needle trades. Unquestionably he also brought strength to Mr. Roosevelt, who had fought at the Convention for him. That his rec-



ord was at best the record only of a benevolent capitalist did not matter—this year.

But other years are coming, and coming fast. Today the people themselves have invited a shrewd politician—which Governor Roosevelt unquestionably is—to take office without declaring himself. A man riding into office on hate of his opponent does well to be as evasive as possible. Candidate Roosevelt, having paid Mr. Hearst the price of reversing himself clumsily on the League of Nations and flatly opposing the cancellation of uncollectable war debts, could easily ignore the sales tax, recognition of Russia, and disarmament and ladle out amiable assurances of general good will. President Roosevelt cannot. He will have to act. Can the shrewd politician become the great leader? I do not think so. To begin with, I do not think Governor Roosevelt has been Machiavellian enough to hide until his election the kind of leadership the crisis demands. He lacks the program and the personal strength to enable him, armed though he is with the prestige of victory and the club of patronage, to whip his ramshackle party into more than temporary unity. But even if he were far stronger, no man with a philosophy, not even as radical as, let us say, George Norris's progressivism, can save a situation that has got far beyond mere progressivism.

Heretofore low grade statesmanship has not mattered so much because our capitalist system has still had recuperative powers no longer in evidence. No intelligent Socialist dogmatically declares that this is the final end of our planless capitalism. We may blunder by sheer exhaustion of surplus through to some temporary recovery in time for a new and worse depression made inevitable by the nature of capitalism—as if a man recovered partially from smallpox in time to get cholera. That partial recovery, if it comes, will be economically and psychologically far less satisfactory than the recovery after the nineties. And that for many reasons.

First, no longer is the rate of increase of population in America or in Europe tending automatically even under capitalist chaos to keep up with the increased productivity of the machine. The former has slowed up, the latter forges breathlessly ahead. Second, we are loaded with such a burden of non-productive debt, public and private, as never before. Not one of the editors who during the campaign cried out upon my program for a capital levy denied the figures showing the cost of a debt service dangerously close to our whole salary and wage roll this year or pointed out any alternative to a capital levy except the terrible surgery of wholesale foreclosures on which to some extent a temporary—but not a permanent—moratorium has been declared. To meet interest in bonds, cities are cutting all their social services, including education, and railroads contemplate another 20% cut in wages. That way lies explosion.

In the third place, such slight and possibly temporary gains as are reported in employment are accompanied by an ominous drop of grain prices to a new low level and by very unsatisfactory total wage increases. Wages have been ruthlessly slashed under cover of unemployment, yet every one knows that prosperity of the most moderate kind requires a resumption of purchasing power by farmers and workers. Even in the matter of unemployment the "encouraging" figures in New York State for October, 1932, reveal a present index 17 per cent less than October, 1931, and, of course, the private reserves of the workers are exhausted as never before.

Moreover, since the nineties, the international situation as it affects our peace and prosperity has grown infinitely worse. It is, perhaps, the most dangerous of all signs of the times that Governor Roosevelt takes office without any but a negative foreign program and under suspicion of being a big navy man. He talked more sense than Mr. Hoover about the tariff, but it is doubtful how far his party will go in intelligent downward revision. In general its foreign policy will be obscurantist to a high degree.

All this, be it remembered, is in a world where the Russian Revolution has occurred and where workers cannot and will not submit to what they once expected to endure. In such a world, nothing that happened in this election gives me reason to modify my warning that we drift either to some catastrophe like new World War, or to an American brand of Fascism which is disaster to all lovers of liberty and can only avert and intensify catastrophe.

As long as we managed to blunder through somehow it has been to the advantage of capitalism to maintain a two-party political system in which big business on the whole controlled both parties. The inefficiency of our system in crisis invites a drive for a Fascist solution. The ground for this has been prepared by the carefully propagated economic illiteracy of our people, their cynicism about political action as a genuinely constructive force—nobody really believes in either old party or very much in politics, not even the old party politicians—and their tendency to vote their hates and their assorted racial and religious prejudices. Fortunately we lack, as yet, the demagogue to put the pieces of the Fascist picture together.

Against this there is one logical hope and that hope is that even yet it may not be too late to make a great Socialist movement a redemption

# Interlude

By FRANCES BENHAM



MARTHA had been cutting out a school dress for Janey, when she felt the first sharp twinge of pain in her side. She had laid the scissors down on the outspread green voile—that shade of green would be so becoming with Janey's reddish curls—and waited for it to pass. But it hadn't. And presently, her head feeling hot and heavy, she went to lie down on the couch in the other room.

It seemed strange to be lying down and doing nothing in the middle of the afternoon. There were always so many things to attend to, with three children in school, and a husband who required almost as much attention as they did. She wondered if she were going to be sick. She had been sick so seldom in her busy, unvaried life. John and the children would be shocked and alarmed to find her like this. The clock in the kitchen struck the hour. Four o'clock. The children would soon be home from school, and there was dinner to prepare.

She lifted herself to a sitting position on the couch, and her dizzy glance fell on the dress material spread out over the dining room table. She really must get that cleared away. She couldn't do any more with it today, and John hated to come home to a cluttered house. Swinging her feet to the floor, she tried to stand up. But a wave of weakness, and nausea swept over her, and she fell back against the cushions, while all thought of a cluttered house and an unprepared dinner were blotted from her mind.

It was cool and white in the big hospital ward they put her in. Ceilings, walls and floors were white. And the doctors and nurses who passed to and fro before her bed—they, too, were but a blur of white. Through the dizziness that screened her vision, she could make out spots of pink and yellow and lavender—flowers that had been brought to other patients in the ward.

John was sitting beside her bed, his patient brown eyes full of worried concern behind their spectacles, and she could see Janey's scared little face beside him. She tried to remember whether John and the children had had their dinner, but somehow she couldn't make her mind work as she wanted it to. She wondered vaguely if she were going to die, and how they would manage without her at home if she did.

When she woke again, her thoughts were clearer, sharpened, perhaps, by the increasing pain in her side. Her mind seemed entirely detached from her body, and was viewing the situation of Martha Collins with a quite impersonal interest.

She thought again, curiously, "I wonder if I am going to die?" Somehow she couldn't imagine the household going on without her. But of course people did become used to, and adjusted to changed conditions in time. There was Mr. Walton, whose wife had died not long ago. He had given up their home, and was now living in a rooming house downtown. So accustomed had everyone become to seeing him there, that it almost seemed as though he had always lived in that particular brownstone boarding house. Mrs. Murphy knew that he didn't take sugar in his

coffee, and just how much cereal he liked for breakfast. John didn't like cereal at all, and he always wanted his egg cooked in just a certain way. It gave Martha a queer feeling to think that someone else could undoubtedly learn to fix eggs for John in that same manner. It was just such things as these that gave life its sense of fixed reality. And when they were taken away and there was nothing left for one, but to face the stark and elementary facts of life and death, then the ties that bound one to the earth and life seemed indeed very frail and easily severed.

A strange mixed odor of narcissus and iodoform pervaded the room. Martha could see the flowers standing stiffly up on their slender stalks, like fragile white and gold stars. She was faintly surprised at herself for thinking of that. Ordinarily she would merely have sniffed their fragrance appreciatively, and perhaps noticed that they needed water.

Dizziness enveloped her again, and she drew her hand across her eyes in an effort to dispel the mistiness that clouded them. Her mind, however, remained dispassionately clear, and thoughts continued to drift through it. If she died, the Ladies' Aid would take up a collection to buy white roses, as they had for old Mrs. Parsons. There would be a great many exclamations of shocked regret. She could hear them quite plainly.

"My dear! Have you heard about Martha Collins? Such a shock—and so young, too."

"Yes, isn't it dreadful? I was so surprised. Everyone feels terribly about it—"

"And to think she was to have had the Ladies' Aid there on Thursday—"

"Isn't it dreadful?"

That was the way it would be for a week or two. The white roses would be duly bought and presented at the funeral. The pastor would say something about her life of service in the church, and extend his sympathy to the bereaved members of the family. It had been like that with Mrs. Parsons. Martha had put in fifty cents to help with the flowers, though Junior needed a new pair of shoes badly. But one really owed a duty to one's neighbors, and since she couldn't attend the funeral, she felt she must do that much. For a while everyone had talked about what a kind-hearted woman old Mrs. Parsons had been, how neighborly and helpful. But after a week or two the talk dwindled away, and people began to speculate on what her daughter would do now. Then the Rotary Club had held their convention in the city, engaging the conversation and interest of the people. And now her name was seldom mentioned. Grass was growing long over the grave, and the artificial flowers that had been put there in February were looking shabby and weather-beaten.

Martha shivered. That was how life was. If you dropped out, it went on inexorably without you. And there would be just as many robins joyously heralding the advent of Spring, and the sun would shine as brightly as when you were there to hear and feel.

Through the window by the bed, she could see the white clouds drifting leisurely above the city. They seemed inaccessible remote and unreal—airy phantoms that would fade with a breath of air, or at a touch of bright sunlight. And yet—there would still be mistily frail clouds floating across the sky long after she and everyone else here on earth had disappeared into oblivion. People themselves were as insignificant a part of the universe, as a grain of sand in a pile which is apparently changed not an iota with the removal of one grain, or two—or a thousand.

It was good to be away from those four white walls, and the eternal smell of iodoform at last. Martha enjoyed the drive home. John had prepared a lunch of thinly sliced ham from the delicatessen, bread and butter and tea, and some of the cake one of the neighbors had brought. Janey and the two little boys were noisily glad to have her at home again. Martha felt as though she had been away a year, and she went about touching familiar objects as though they were quite strange to her.

Presently she sent the children out to play, and though she offered to help, John insisted on doing the dishes alone. Standing in the window, she looked out at the familiar scene of Oak street. White clouds were drifting across the sky. What was it they reminded her of? Something that had come into her mind while she was in the hospital. But she couldn't seem to remember now. Queer—it had made such an impression on her at the time, too. Oh, well, it didn't matter. It was good to be at home again. Her faintly abstracted glance fell on the curtains that hung in the window. She really must get new curtains for the dining room—these were becoming quite dingy. There had been some thirty-cent cretonne at Randall's that was pretty. It had a tiny pattern of roses against a cream background. And there was that green dress of Janey's she must finish. The child needed a new one for school.



# The Benevolent Loan Society

By BEN REB EPHRAIM

**"N**OW we are in the gas business. Didn't I warn you—yes, YOU." "F. J." spoke heatedly, shaking his arm and part of his body in front of his cowering brother, "T. B.'s" nose. "Didn't I tell you that a dead gas station in a cemetery, with a few hibernating niggers around it, is no collateral at all when offered as collateral for a loan." "Dry up," "F. J." and get off your high horse," "T. B." responded. "In the first place—if you'll look to your books—you'll find that the loan is almost paid—"

"Almost paid," sneered "F. J.", bitterly, directing his fixed gaze toward the silent, but intensely interesting brothers sitting around the oak table. "For him 'tis almost paid," he said, swinging a jackknife shaped arm, with protruded thumb, over his right shoulder in the direction of the brother under discussion. He allowed a few moments for his pregnant remark to sink into the bellies of his contemplating brothers, during which time he sat motionless with a frozen quizzing stare. At exactly the right moment, he propelled the top of his stool a quadrant of a turn, in order to face his traditional enemy-brother squarely, and shaking his pointer in front of "T. B.'s" nose, said:

"Don't you know, my big business man, that profits of the B. L. S. just begin when the loan is paid not only once, but twice. Whatchu think, this is one of those government institution banks where they permit you to deposit your money under government supervision; and that if the Board of Directors decide not to pay back the money, all they have to do is 'close the doors.' And then, if they have a drag with politishuns, they go to the R. F. C. and get more money, not to pay the depositors, but to make them THINK they can pay them back. 'Almost paid,' umph. This kind of 'almost paid' yill put us in the poor house, I tell you."

"T. B.", cowering under the accusation, asked a question in order to verify a suspicion. "What's the matter, did we lose that taxi contract?"

"Did we lose that taxi contract?" "F. J." mimicked him again, addressing the robots at the table, who enjoyed the show, and had almost forgotten the money involved. As of one man they decided to let the two fight it out, no matter how long it took. Yet in their subconscious minds they knew, judging by the zest with which "F. J." entered the fray, that even now his fertile mind might be spinning a solution. Yet, what solution is now possible, they thought with a chill, when they had definitely lost the contract to furnish gas to the "Never Close Drive Yourself Taxi Company."

"Did we lose that contract? Would I be eating my heart out with you if we had not lost that taxi contract? Do you think that is all I have to do?—And for one-quarter of a cent a gallon! In the first place I warned you that as far as retail business is concerned the gas station ain't worth a smell of burned powder. People now run to gas stations that look like palaces and done in colors. Then they expect a uniformed lackey to chase the flies off the nude statue on the radiator cap. And then they fill your crank case with ten cent oil at thirty-five cents per quart, whether you need it or not. By that time you are ashamed to leave without a fat tip to that decorated official right in front of a big sign that you violate, which warns you not to tip—well, then, our collateral station in the nigger section is not in that class... he is not even a poor relation to them big stations... he is not equipped to give that kind of service to its customers... so what then?... we relied on lump sum contracts... and even here you had to put your schnozel in and spoil my figure and add half a cent... now, smarty, what have you got to say now?"

"T. B." remained silent, with bowed head. "H. B." at the table, suddenly came to life. He made a quick adjustment in the angle of the half-smoked lifeless cigar which was tipping from his lips and brought it to glowing life by giving it several violent and energetic puffs, then savagely cleared the tip of ashes, replaced the soggy browned end and asked through clenched lips, "How much gas did we sell a week to the 'Never Close Taxi Company,' 'F. J.'? and tell me, while you are at it, how much retail business did we do during the same period?"

"F. J." hesitated for a moment in silent protest against his brother ordering him around in this fashion. "H. R." understood, so he added, in a mimicking manner, "Pe-lee a s e." Whereupon "F. J." realizing that it was no time to antagonize another brother, until he had finished with one, turned the stool with himself and stopped squarely in front of his ledgers. He reached for the day book and opened it.

"According to the record here," he began,

"the 'Never Close Taxi Company' averaged twenty-eight hundred gallons per week for the last seven weeks. I have no record available of the retail sales. It wasn't worth keeping. But if we sell thirty gallons a day we will be lucky. And, judging from the class of customers, the twenty-eight or thirty gallons will be sold to as many customers, and on credit, if we let them. That class of buyers buys its gas by the gallon or half-gallon, and sometimes they want you to deliver it... and then they may hold you up when you deliver the gas, using the purchase as a ruse. In one case our attendant gets an S. O. S. call to deliver a gallon of gas a block away. The phoney customer ran out of gas, he told us. He tells our smarty attendant to be sure to bring along change for a five, that is the smallest he has. Well, he returned with a black eye and without the change and with the gallon of gas half spilled. That fellow didn't even have a car. Yes, we may as well close up the station, discharge the attendant, dig up the tanks and pumps and sell them for junk."

"Well, what's to be done?" asked "T. B." dejectedly, hoping against hope for some kind of solution to this latest calamity.

"This is a nice time to ask," sighed "F. J.," shaking his entire being, almost mechanically.

## Haunted Courtyards

Margaret fears ghosts; a skeletal house Whose marred skull twitters feathered whispers, is

Not tolerable to her; between the hiss Of downward rushing rain, she fears to rouse Some chuckle of sound, some clank of unreal chain.

Rain is less terrible in the slippery yard Than the bleak triangles of broken pane That open in the windows rusty-barred. She fears the knobless gape of sagging doors, Where, leaning forth, may look some slattern ghost

Pent in the damp deserted corridors, And her live sturdiness be cowed and lost. While I myself, up close-bricked alleyways, In that ambiguous hour of afternoon When evening rinses his brush out in the sky For a wash of gray he will be spreading soon, While the slant curtains eyed me knowingly And the humming city boiled outside, unseen, Have looked about me, confronting timorously The courtyard's painted vines, synthetic green, Have started, entering the ill-lit corridor, At a slammed door or a word above me spoken As I shut out the sky, and chose which door Of two unmarked and both unlikely to open. Within the walls there breathed a turbulent host Of close-packed consciousness alien to me, And I felt myself a timid, shrinking ghost, Afraid the life I haunted would see and know me.

Merle M. Elsworth.

This artificial acting belied his real feeling. He did not share the real sorrow that all of his brothers experienced.

For then and there in his mind was crystalizing an idea that had previously taken root.

Of all the six Barutch brothers comprising "The Benevolent Loan Society," "F. J." alone was long ago assigned to that menial duty of bookkeeper. For some dubious reason—probably due to greater efficiency—, all long ago lost their given names and were known merely by various alphabetical combinations, such as "B. S.," "J. L.," "P. J.," "L. R.," "T. B.," and our friend "F. J." His income, alone, as the "inside man," was stipulated and fixed, while the rest of the brothers, who worked "on the outside" like a swarm of bees, drew a percentage of the profits of business secured in addition to their drawing accounts, which aggregated considerable more than "F. J.'s" and it irked him for that reason. THEY were the business men, HE the worker.

Not only that, but his wife Margie, resembling a tub of lard, taunted him constantly because her sisters-in-law had "business men" for their husbands, as she put it, and she was "cursed" with a simple menial worker with a fixed income. Why couldn't she entertain as well as the rest?—Why couldn't she smart their eyes with gaudy clothes as the other sisters-in-law did to one another and to her?—Why couldn't she have her name mentioned in the society page like the rest, on the occasion of a tea or a bit of charity or the giving of a house party to which "real money people" were invited and who shunned her house? Why?—Why?—Why?—Poor "F. J." No matter what he did he was always shunned by his brothers, considered a kind of useless by-product, a necessary nuisance to be tolerated, who by com-

mon consent and understanding was kept down to his bookkeeping job. "You always were and always remain a 'Shlimazel,'" his wife invariably taunted him, after she got tired of arguing with him, and urging him to strike out for something better.

Another paradox of "F. J.'s" peculiar and different ability was that, although all the brothers were brought up alike, lived under similar conditions, none of them had shown any aptitude either for any of the trades or professions except "F. J.," who became an expert bookkeeper. The brothers even looked alike, and a stranger could never tell—even after doing business with them for some time—to which one a certain combination of letters belonged. The only thing that made our bookkeeper conspicuous, and stand out from the rest of the bunch, was when he was in his bookkeeping regalia, consisting of black puffed over sleeves to protect his silk shirt sleeves, the green shade which hid half of his pale doughy face and protected his squinty eyes, and when the place seemed drafty, he donned a shiny skull cap instead of one of the black interchangeable derbies, which formed all the brothers' headgear, and a generous supply of which always hung on a rack.

Old Barutch, dried and emaciated with a sparsely Chinese beard, but still a bettle of activity, brought over this brood of some eight boys to these shores more than a generation ago from a land of oppression. His particular definition of the word of 'opportunity' in this land was 'to make mone!' The boys were dark, skinny, stultified and underfed. The youngest was barely seven years old and the oldest a little over seventeen. Leisure and worry in his former home land served admirably as a prelude to the requirements of the new haven.

Arriving to America, he purchased the largest overgrown full size double bed he could find and put all his brood at night to sleep crosswise of the bed. A little ingenious scheme of his to save beds and bedding. He often boasted of this in later life, and for no consideration would he part with the bed even when prosperity followed. He enjoyed to relate the bit of history applicable to this bed, when asked if he had it made to order. "No," old Barutch whimpered, "one man's loss is another man's gain. The husband of a retired couple with the 'Wingling brothers circus' doing a heavy weight exhibition, and he weighing over four hundred pounds died. The wife, although weighing three hundred herself, decided to marry again, but her ambition now ran in the lighter class. Therefore, she was anxious to dispose of the bed right after the funeral, so as not to give a hint to her prospective husband."

In the day time Barutch would sow his offsprings all over town to sell matches. Upon his arrival, he at once secured the agency of the "Friction Match Company" and the "Friction Match" soon made its appearance in every household in town. So engrossed was the old man in "putting over" the "Friction Match" that he literally forgot the individual names of his children. It was definitely known, that as time went on, when the herd turned in late at night from the day's labors, he would horribly dish out the supper, rush them to that bed so they could snatch a bit of sleep before dawn, he would command to one after another: "Hey you, hand me your plate," or "Hey there, what's your name? hand me your plate." It may be that these alphabetical combinations dated from that period on.

Prosperity followed. The only kind of prosperity Barutch understood. With plenty of outdoor work and their national starchy food the boys filled out nicely, with fat. Their growth, however upwards, once stultified did not respond as readily. All inherited father's small squinty rat-like eyes, which often disappeared in a sea of fat whenever their facial muscles heaved due to some emotion or mirth. That face was then an eyeless face and in their places were mere dark slits which again opened when normalcy returned. No sound, either before or after, accompanied their peculiar system of laughing. You could see them, what you had to conclude was a laughter, but hear it, never. They simply couldn't rid themselves from consuming large quantities of fat and starchy food and broaden out in all directions alike. Who could tell them apart, when the difference in years was not as noticeable? No one. One or two of the brothers later branched out for themselves—all in business, of course—while the bulk always stuck together some how. Not at all harmoniously, to be sure, but their numerous brawls and quarrels and fights were somehow patched up. In the end they were always clanning together. On festivals all seemed mirthful enough, on the surface, though inwardly, most of them, especially the women folk, burned up with jealousy and hate.

From the match business they branched out to selling petroleum and its allied products, such as



gas, greases, oils, etc. Then they entered the commission produce business, and now with the business upheaval existing and competition keen, they sold out, cashed in, and at once engaged in the money lending game under the high sounding name of "The Benevolent Loan Society," which, for the purpose of efficiency was abbreviated to "B. L. S."

"First of all—," said "F. J.," sagely, five minutes later, during which time "T. B." had scrambled out for the day, forlornly and guiltily. "—First of all I want an appropriation of twenty-five dollars, and don't ask me for what. Who'll make a motion—? And another thing, don't any of you tell that smart business man of yours until I am finished with it."

The motion was made and the appropriation went through quickly enough, but not before "K. P." interposed a veiled objection. "What's the use of sending good money after bad?" He reeled off the few words in quick succession, in a hoarse and weak voice, more to show that he too was alive, than for any other purpose.

Under the admiring eyes of his more sympathetic brothers, "F. J." lifted the receiver of his telephone, with zest and confidence, danced his chubby fingers several times on the dial and obtained his party.

"—Lo—Lo, Jake—that you?—yes, that's uncle J. . . yes, F. J. . . how is yourself? . . . and Lena? . . . that's fine . . . listen Jake, you must come over tonight and don't give me 'no' for an answer . . . yes, sure, with Lena, . . . I'll tell you when I see you . . . now don't try to be stubborn with your uncle, and if you are a good boy you may get a linen party . . . sure. Now listen Jake, I'll tell you when I see you, but don't forget this, it's very important. Don't use your car tonight, but hire one from the 'Never Close Drive Yourself' people . . . yeh, . . . only from the 'Never Close' people . . . sure I'll pay for it, and be at the house promptly at six. I have theatre tickets for you and Lena, so get spugged up and be on time. Remember now, at six with a 'Never Close Drive Yourself Taxi.'"

After this call "F. J." made three more similar calls to other young relatives of his, passed along a similar chatter with the exception of the time element. He varied the time interval an hour and a half so that the preceding kin would be on his way when the subsequent one arrived. There was to be no meeting of nephews or taxis in front of the house. Emphasis was laid on the requirement to use only the taxi specified.

He left the B. L. S. office earlier than usual. He had an additional order to make up with his spouse, Margie, with whom he had been on grumbling terms for the past week, in order to have complete amity when the guests would arrive.

"Margie—," said "F. J." jovially, quacking his supple body, upon his arrival home, almost kissing his spouse, a rite he had not performed for years. Margie appeared astonished to see her husband suddenly act like a human being, and was at once put on her guard. "—Margie, I made a little extra today, and here is five dollars for you to spend just as you see fit, but please try not to bother me today. I am very tired and I have plenty of work ahead of me today yet. Where is David?"

"Only YOU are tired, eh! What about me." She began with this appetizer, holding the lonely five dollars in her short fat hand, which plainly showed that the bait did not as yet function. "—Does 'T. B.'s' wife slave like I do. . . Does she have to stay indoors because she hasn't a decent dress to put on like I do? Why am I so unfortunate?"

"MARGIE, Margie—please—I had to come home an hour earlier than usual because I have so much to do. Can't you postpone an hour and begin your usual scolding at the usual time? Imagine I am not home yet. But maybe you are right. How did you know we are getting company at six? But, first of all tell me, where is David?"

"Oh, bother David. You want him to be a Kreisler and you forget that today is his violin lesson . . . throwing away money on those expensive lessons. If it is good enough for 'T. B.'s' boy to be a saxophone player, why isn't it good enough for David?—? Then at least I could buy a decent dress for my boy."

"Margie, Margie,—let 'T. B.'s' boy be what he wants to be, and our David will, with God's help, be a famous violin player." "F. J." was fast losing patience with his nagging wife and said, "why must I do the work that ordinarily belongs to the mother . . . why am I so cursed . . . ?"

"Listen to him," she snarled, curling up her chubby nose, red at the tip for want of powder, and addressing no one, "listen to him, I am not doing enough for him."

"You are doing enough, Margie, but what I wanted to tell you is this; if you'd only make David practice at least two hours every day, the five dollars a lesson we pay Zipsky will not be thrown out. The boy likes his fiddle more than

you your movies, and besides it's a mother's job. Other mothers do it."

"Well, if you admire other mothers, why don't you go to them? Did it ever occur to you that other mothers haven't got 'F. J.'s' for their husbands—?"

"Please, Margie. I didn't come home to argue with you. I'll tell you what we will do, since you must get it out of your system. Next week I will be free, and we will make it a double-header; eh, what do you say? . . . Here is another five, buy yourself anything you want, stop quarreling and prepare at once a good supper for Jake and Lena. They'll be here at six and it is after four now. . ."

"Ah-ha, I thought there was a nigger in the woodpile somewhere for you to become so considerate all at once of your slave you call your wife. Why guests for supper in the middle of the week?" she asked, softening.

"I have a big assignment this week. I'll tell you some other time."

"A what?" she asked.

"I said an assignment, Margie, an assignment—"

The front door opened, and David, a dark chubby lad of eight, or perhaps nine, entered with his violin case dangling from his right arm. "F. J." freed himself from his spouse and came forward to greet his son.

"Hello, papa—" the youth greeted his sire, after closing the door. "F. J." stood still, contemplating his son. Then he grabbed the little fellow, violin and all, lifted him up and pressed him to his breast. "That's right, sonny—" he whispered into and kissed his ear. "Study your violin, study it hard and you'll be as good a player like 'Yehuda Menuhin'—and when you'll be old and papa is gone you'll play like Kreisler—did you like his playing, sonny, last week?—and if sonny is good and brings good marks I'll take you to hear Heifetz too—sure I will."

"Yes, papa," the child replied with glee, pursing up his fresh cherry tinted lips. "I'll be good and practice, and bring good marks, but you must not tell me that you have no money like you sometimes do. And you must not let mama take it all away from you."

"No, David, I promise you. But you must study hard, David, very hard."

Margie's grating voice made itself heard from the kitchen, traveling through the air with a hiss. "—Don't bother him 'J' and let him come here and have his bread and milk; and after let him go out and play like the other boys."

But neither David nor "F. J." was inclined to part company, as yet. The little fellow had by now disposed of his violin case and was snuggling comfortably on "F. J.'s" lap in one of the faded parlor settees. Both, father and son, seemed for the moment lost in deep contemplation. Finally "F. J." asked quietly, "Sonny, did that boy bother you again?"

David was instinctively repelled and disregarded this question by refusing to give speech to a feeling that pressed his young heart. Instead, he heaved a sigh, and asked his father for an explanation of a new soliloquy that troubled his mind and with which he was recently taunted by some of his playmates, and particularly by the one to whom his father referred.

"F. J." compressed his lips, and took in a deep breath through his dilated nostrils, then emitting a lingering, muffled sigh. But the child did not press his question further. Instead, "F. J." pressed his son a little harder to his bosom and said, "Now, David, run into the kitchen and have your bread and milk, and then come back and play your fiddle."

Jake, apparently decided to come with his girl a bit earlier than the appointed time; for no sooner did little David leave him than "F. J.'s" ears were pierced by the squeaking noise of worn brakes applied with a jam. He looked out and saw one of the "Never Close Taxis" stop in front of his door.

Jake stepped out, dragged his clinging Lena after him and slammed the door in the face of other imaginary Lenas that may follow. He was a tall, thin, hatless, blank youth. His mouth faced you like an open cylinder, from which protruded two or three sapling teeth, as though out of place, stuck there as on purpose and staring you in the face.

"Hello, Unk," he said in a shrill, flinty, monotonous voice, without in the least disturbing those fleshy cylinder walls which confined his mouth. Somehow you felt that the voice came from somewhere within, and just terminated at that fixed, stable aperture. You concluded at once that something would snap with a crackling sound were Jake to attempt to alter his fixed facial expression. How he could ever turn around in his sleep with that mouth open was a mystery you liked to contemplate upon.

His uncle approached him from the porch, which was almost on an equal keel with the sidewalk; walked over the front lawn, following his extended hand pointing towards Jake. Jake, perceiving this, swung up a stiff arm from his prominent shoulder blade, and let it swing up once like

a pendulum, and was so perfectly timed that before it returned it barely made contact with his uncle's fingers, and rested downward again after a few oscillations.

"Jake," "F. J." said hastily, and for the moment disregarding bashful Lena, "—if you don't mind, drive the taxi around in the back of my garage—"

Then pausing, and bestowing a mournful look upon the taxi, as though contemplating a corpse, mused as to himself, "—I can already see what kind of equipment they have when they leave their brakes run down like this—." Then quickly awakening, as though from a stupor, he contemplated Jake again, and resumed with the same trend he had left a moment before, with his nephew as the objective. "It's getting darkish, you see, and I have a good light in my garage—I'll tell you why a little later. And besides, I don't like that my neighbors should see that my friends come in hire cars and park in front of their houses. They may think we are in the taxi business."

"O. K. Hunk," shouted the cylinder sticking upon Jake's face.

Lena remained standing, like a child temporarily deprived of its lollypop, and wistfully hoping for its early reappearance. Jake whisked the taxi around the block toward the alley with speed and force, amid a cloud of dust, giving the impression that it had suddenly been taken possession of by an unearthly winged devil.

"Lena," "F. J." began, still standing on the lawn, and watching the disappearance of the taxi, "—Lena, when you get married, don't let Jake become a banker—it's a dog's life—a dog's life," he repeated.

Lena, at the mention of marriage, grinned sheepishly, thinking of thoughts that melted her heart, and at once forgot her uncle's admonition not to permit her future husband to get into the banking business. She laced her viny, flexible arm through "F. J.'s" shaped for that purpose, and he led her in the direction of the parlor.

Jake was already there, planted upon the lowest and softest easy chair, as though he had been there for hours. His two stiff, vertical shins, like a pair of stilts, encased in wide pants, stuck in a pair of oversized and outlandish large shoes, rested on the floor. His two knees, close together, terminated at and obstructed his face.

"Lena," "F. J." began pleadingly, "I'll save you the trouble of sitting down here—Margie wants to talk to you in the kitchen where she is busy preparing supper; and something she told me of a linen shower party. I want to talk here to your hus—I mean Jake," he caught himself quickly, and continued, "—You don't mind, do you?"

Lena sensed something queer in the near prophetic slip her future uncle-in-law almost made, but she caught its significance admirably. Facing Jake for a moment with thoughts that met on common understanding ground, she turned in the direction of the kitchen, performing an involuntary charming, gyratory snake twist from head to foot with her lithe body for Jake's admiration. By the manner in which the outline of every muscle in her heaved under her flimsy tight gown, you concluded that she was expert in this rhythmic motion. Jake responded by a similar involuntary instantaneous quiver from his soles to the roots of his hair, as though he was suddenly pierced by an electric shock. Lena, observing that her performance had the desired effect, turned abruptly in the direction of the kitchen. Even after she closed the door behind her, you saw her lingering, enticing bodily outline, upon which Jake glassily gazed like a robot.

"Jake," shouted "F. J." giving all of his attention to his nephew, hoping thereby to revive him, clear his brain from Lena's lingering curves and bring him back to normalcy. "—Jake—Jake, for God's sake, whatever you are going to do for a living after you are married, leave banking alone. 'Tis a dog's life, you get no rest. It nearly drives me looney."

Jake, who was just coming to, turned a pair of ashy gray eyes from some unseen paradise toward his bleak but animated uncle. He had heard a voice prior to this moment, heard the word "banker" but had been under the impression that his uncle was talking of some third person. He turned his cylindrical face toward "F. J.," dropping Lena's image at once and was just about to say, "Who's a banker, Unk?" but the cylinder, though screwed up for speech, remained vacant and he kept his peace. "F. J." was glad that he had made no comment and was all ears now.

"You see, Jake—" began "F. J.," deliberately picking his words, and looking around cautiously to make sure that no feminine figure was about to disturb his nephew's momentary equilibrium. "You see, Jake, we bankers have one helluva time now on account of this here depression. The poor and struggling businessmen knock at our doors from morning till night. They give us no rest, Jake. As you see me, I am nearly run down to a shadow. I can't sleep, can't eat noth-

(Continued on Page 7.)





Illustration by Betsy Garrett

# Song

By E. PENDLETON HOGAN

**W**HEN Athens became too gay for them, when they found that they knew too many people there, old Herr von Sternberg ordered Frau von Sternberg to pack their luggage. She did. So it came about, upon the finest day of spring, that Herr von Sternberg found himself in a rattling motorcar, beside a chauffeur who spoke not his language, flying over a white winding road. And Athens lay far behind.

Not so far behind lay fat Frau von Sternberg. In the tonneau of the car she was buried, against her will, in bales of sheet music. For, you see, old Herr von Sternberg was a music master. They went to Angrum, that quiet sea-coast town, and they moved into the best hotel there was.

"Ach! Mama," said old Herr von Sternberg, twisting his white imperial moustache, while his blue eyes twinkled and he went to the window and stared enraptured at the sea. "This is wonderful! Get up and look, Mama, at the blue, blue water. You can see it whip the rocks and out on the sea there are a hundred ships with colored sails. It's like a rich old canvas; it's wonderful. Do get up and look!"

"You know I can't get up," stated fat Frau von Sternberg from the bed, "because I'm dead. I died yesterday from the weight of a ton of music in that awful car . . . and there you go, using your voice again. How many times, Erich, has the Herr Doktor Dusenstein told you that you must not talk? That if you talk at all you'll never sing again?"

Then Herr von Sternberg left the window, left the splendid sea-coast view, and turning slowly faced his wife. The twinkle fled from his kind old eyes, and somehow the slender blue-veined hand did not twirl his white imperial, but instead hung limply by his side.

He coughed.

"Listen, Mama—"

Then he told her.

"I'll never—I'll never—sing again anyway, Mama."

This was the very first time that he had ever said this thing. For weeks the old man had kept his secret not daring to breathe it even to his wife, and now, the thing was said. And it hurt him terribly—because it was true.

"Oh, Erich!" cried Frau von Sternberg.

He knew then that she understood.

Finally, when she had crawled into the flowing folds of mosquito netting that made a box around the bed, and had gone to sleep, Herr von Sternberg went back to his window and stepped between the open sagging shutters onto the white crumbling balcony. A green lizard darted across the floor, stopped and eyed him curiously, and went home into the wall. The sun was warm with spring, and afternoon swung in across the sea; the old man lowered himself into a worn ricker chair and the chair wrapped itself comfortably about his form. He was thinking:

"But I can still teach the young ones. All the world is not yet old and when we are rested we'll go back to Germany, and as long as I can whisper I'll teach the young ones how to sing. Thank God I've still my ear."

And in his ear, even then, there was music. So, unconsciously, old Herr von Sternberg beat out the measures of a concerto upon the pale plaster railing with the long fingers of his aristocratic old hand.

The inquisitive young clerk downstairs in the hotel who had an insatiable curiosity about all the guests, told Herr von Sternberg about the Theatre.

"The Theatre?"

"Ah! I see that you have not heard. Indeed, Monsieur—"

"My name is Herr von Sternberg."

"Ah! Bitte, Herr von Sternberg! To be sure, and so it is. But the Theatre, you see, mein Herr, the Theatre is what makes Angrum famous. It was built long before Pericles dreamed of the Parthenon; and the Temple of Apollo of Angrum,

alone, Herr von Sternberg, contained three hundred and sixty-nine perfect Parian figures, two hundred and eighty-four perfect—"

"How far?" gasped Herr von Sternberg marching toward the door.

"Only nine hundred metres!" shouted the clerk leaning far across his desk. "But listen Herr von Sternberg: the Temple is completely gone, the Parian figures divided between Athens and Rome, and the Theatre is in ruins!"

On the way Herr von Sternberg stopped at a shop, where they sold things of iron and wood, and peered behind the shutter. A fat old woman waddled out.

"I want a cane," said he pointing to a rack of them.

She did not understand him but she bustled; a sale is a sale in any tongue. They gossiped a bit as best they could with signs and contortious languages. So eager was he to know about the place that he asked her a dozen questions in four languages but she understood none of them. So, talking shrilly, bidding him to wait, she vanished into the shop and returned instantly dragging her lazy grandson by the arm.

"She says to tell you that our Theatre was once the most beautiful on earth. She says to tell you that one should go to it for the first time by day, as you now do, but that to see the Theatre, she says to tell you that one should go to it by night—when the moon is full."

He paid for his cane, that was made of olive-wood, and Herr von Sternberg went for the first time by day to the ruined Theatre of Angrum. From the shop he toiled, laboriously enough, up the white road; past a few white houses that squatted in the broiling sun, past stony fields and ancient vineyards to the Theatre of Angrum . . . and he was astonished at what he saw.

The fall and sweep of the bowl, the majesty of what was once a stage, and the amazing fact that any of it at all was left, so old it was, enthralled him. The finest of the columns were gone, and in some places the roots of ancient olive trees had torn apart a few of the marble benches. But the lines were there, the classic lines, the fall and sweep of the bowl, the majesty of what was once a stage.

"It's wonderful," the old man whispered to himself. "But it's not complete. Once it may have been a perfect thing, but now it's cold and lifeless. This is not enough—"

Still, day after day, Herr von Sternberg climbed the winding road. Half his life, half unconsciously, this man had spent in search of one thing—supremely beautiful. He was old and he had not found it yet. So day after day he trudged up to, these marble ruins, hoping that this hour would furnish what the last could not supply. In the early morning he went to watch the red sun shoot into the boiling sky, in the late afternoon to watch the pink sun, a little spent, fall back into whatever place it stayed the night. And he counted on his fingers the days until the moon would come full again.

When he was gone Frau von Sternberg fretted at the hotel, and when he returned she accused him of maintaining a rendezvous up there, or worse still, of holding a communion with pagan spirits. It was true. He did not reply. Nothing then could have kept him from that place. For hours he sat alone, spellbound, perhaps pitted by the gods for his idolatrous adoration of what they had long since forsaken. When his eyes grew tired of gazing at the whiteness of the Theatre he rested them by staring at the sea, but always he came back to the purity, to the decaying splendor of the Theatre.

In his rich imagination he knew what this Theatre once had been. He saw it, as perfectly as if he sat there two thousand years before. Time was nothing. So non-essential, in fact, that often he confused the present with the past. One moment he was in Greece, in the Theatre, the next in Germany, in an inner office at Herr Doktor Dusenstein's private sanatorium, and the Herr

Doktor was gently telling him that he would never sing again.

When Herr von Sternberg was away Frau von Sternberg amused herself at cards. She spent hours of every morning, and hours of every afternoon at bridge, playing and speaking English with two American ladies and a widow from Marseilles. The Americans were spinsters from Boston named Brown, who expected their younger sister, endearingly enough called "Baby" (as Frau von Sternberg well knew from a daily recitation of the fact) to appear any day in Angrum.

"Only Athens is so gay in the spring," said Miss Amanda Brown, "that—"

"—that Baby can't tear herself away," Miss Lulu.

Frau von Sternberg moaned to herself.

"My God! If only they would stop talking about their Baby! I'd rather hear about the French huzzie's husbands! This place is maddening. Even Erich has gone crazy about marble!"

Then it came. There came to Angrum what Herr von Sternberg had prayed for for weeks. A full moon. That night at dinner, as Frau von Sternberg filled him with the tiresome gossip she had gleaned over her cards that day, he seemed nervous and fidgeted uncontrollably.

"The people here are hopeless," she said flatly. "Now those Americans—they are as dry as dust and they talk only of their Baby. And that French one—ah, Erich!—that one is impossible! I have to speak English all day and it is hard for me to remember the words; after all it is a long time since we lived in Chicago, isn't it?"

Only one little thing had happened here in two whole weeks: the sister of the Americans came today. Their Baby. They say that she has studied singing but neither the Fraulein Amanda nor the Fraulein Lulu believes that she can sing. How they can call her Baby I do not see, for she is thirty-five if she is one. The Americans are leaving for Athens tomorrow, so there remains behind only the dreadful French one, and some others too dull to play cards. . . . You are talking less; I think your voice is better, Erich, don't you?"

"Yes, Mama."

"But I'm sure I don't know what Doktor Dusenstein would say if he knew you were on the coast breathing the wet salt air. You should be in a dry place; Erich, and after all, I'm so sick of Angrum I could die. Nothing ever happens. Nothing but bridge on the terrace with that impudent young hotel clerk straining his ears to hear every word we utter. Wouldn't you just as soon go somewhere else for a while, Erich?"

Leave his wonderful Theatre? His Theatre? He gulped his wine and she prattled on.

"I tell you, Erich, it's awful. You don't know how boring this place is for me. Tell me, wouldn't you just as soon go someplace el—"

He arose so suddenly that he almost upset the table.

"Mama!" he cried hoarsely. "Tonight I am going to the Theatre! I can not leave Angrum yet!"

The Theatre was shrouded in a blue, blue darkness. Out on the sea the painted ships that seemed forever anchored there had furled their colored sails for the night and had laid their bare masts like winter limbs against the sky. The moon came. It flooded everything, all of Angrum, all of Greece, all the world where it was dark just then. In Angrum the tiles of all those ancient roofs slowly cooled, and the crumbling walls, the narrow lanes, the roofs, all were silvered. Outside the town the peasants had driven in herds, and the last bell sounded across the hills. Dogs howled. Lights came on, yellow squares against the velvet night in the villas on the cliffs above the sea, in the peasants' huts on the road that wound up toward the Theatre. The vineyards shed their century-old fatigue and looked thrifty in the moonlight, and even the exhausted olive orchards seemed young instead of old and stunted. And on that high winding road that led between the low stone walls to the Theatre there walked that night a man, an old man,



but one with a buoyant step who had in his hand a walking stick of olive-wood.

Beneath that magic moon the Theatre of Angrum almost lived and almost breathed. It returned to what it had been two thousand years before. In the treatment of the moon the broken columns grew straight and tall and were finished, softened. The gnarled trees that struggled up between the marble benches were blotted into obscurity, and one's vision swam before the dizzy luster of this place.

"It is marvelous," the old man breathed. "But still it does not live. Even this is not enough."

Then Herr von Sternberg knew something. As he stared at all that beauty the old man knew suddenly, at last, what the ambition of his whole life was. Not to sing before a king, as in past years he had done, and have him nod his head or have a queen clap her hands. Not to train a hundred young voices into one harmonious voice, not to produce fifty separate celestial singing geniuses from fifty humans. It was one thing.

It was upon rising notes to fill the Theatre of Angrum with song. His song. Song that came from him. And Herr Doktor Dusenstein had told him that he would never sing again.

Herr von Sternberg climbed between the broken marble benches, up the crumbling aisles, passed between the gleaming moon-mended columns to the top of the Theatre. Far below him, engulfed in the flowing sweep of the place was the floor from which the tragedies of Greece had once been read. From the heights where he was the old man could not see the broken bits of marble that littered the sunken stage, or the few remaining time-damaged pilasters.

So he sat upon a bench, and like a poet in the middle of a poem, recalled in fleeting glimpses most of his past. His life had been a long and active one, but thinking of it then filled him with a regretful sadness because he felt that the accomplishments of it were so sparse. So sparse.

"What have I done?" he moaned. "What have I done? A few recitals and that is all. Compared with those who raised this glorious thing I have done nothing. Nothing! I've nothing tangible to show for a whole life's work, and now that I am old even my voice is gone. There are some, a few good ones perhaps whom I have trained—but nothing else. Even some of these do not remember me. And now when the one desire of all my life comes to me, and I recognize the one ambition of all these years, I can not, I am not permitted to fulfill that dream. It seems very hard. Very hard."

The old man recalled long-gone years, and his pupils, and fragments that he knew from their lives. As though they paraded down an aisle before him he saw all those pupils, from the first when he himself was only eighteen, down to the last. He remembered when he married and moved from Berlin to Munich; he was not teaching then but singing and had sung that summer for the King of Bavaria. Later he sang often for the King, and smiled now at how nervous, as sure as he was of his voice, he had been before each appearance.

He went on talking to himself.

"I will never sing again . . . but there is von Rhinzold—he could fill Angrum's Theatre with song. Before the War the Emperor wrote that von Rhinzold had the best voice that he had ever heard. And I trained him! And Hohen-schlager could; she has the volume, too, and I trained her."

He remembered others and there were some who had not got on so well. Herr von Sternberg had taught citizens of many nations and after years of labor some had given up and gone on home. He remembered a slip of an American girl—he had taught dozens of Americans in Europe, and there was the year in Chicago when he had labored with the opera—who might have got on but for one thing. She had uncontrollable and terrific fits of stage fright. In private she could sing, in public never. They both had wept the day she left; but she had gone and he had never heard from her.

Then Herr von Sternberg thought that he was dreaming. At first he could not place it, and he did not know from whence it came; he knew that miraculously enough the Theatre of Angrum was filled with song. Song. Song. Song. Pure, clear, perfect song. It was a woman's voice and it rose somewhere from below among the cracked columns that tonight were whole, and it soared up to where Herr von Sternberg gasped among the broken benches. It swept into his soul, this glorious song, and the old man worshipped it. Was this—could this be—the perfect thing?

Aria after aria. From the operas of the Teuton lands, the Slavic lands, the Latin lands. The voice had range and richness and volume, and above all else perfect tone. Herr von Sternberg listened, as one listens who has been charmed and told to listen, and can do nothing else on earth but listen, until the charm is lifted. He did not want it lifted, ever.

"This is superb," he breathed over and over. "I can not do this thing myself but here is one who can. She is marvelous. Who is she? Who is she?"

He arose, and it was late and chilly, and the moon swung slowly overhead. He stumbled down the aisles, and finally like a dark blur upon a white curtain Herr von Sternberg saw the figure of the woman who was singing. She was not large, but she had both poise and posture, and the old music teacher almost wept.

Down, down went the old man between the marble ruins. He was breathless. Suppose—God!—suppose she stopped her singing and got away before he reached her! . . . and then . . . with a last lingering note the song died on the woman's lips and the slim figure disappeared between the columns and was gone.

On the winding road that led down toward the village of Angrum he ran and finally he saw her. "Madame!" cried Herr von Sternberg into the night. "Madame, I pray you—!"

He used French feeling that perhaps it would be less startling than German, and believing that it would be understood more readily, although he hated it.

She stopped between the low stone walls, unafraid, and he reached her then in the blue darkness, and she must have thought him just a little mad. An old man with a white beard running down a hill at night, crying out to her—

"What if I am a little mad tonight?" That startled her. "It is your voice that did it, Madame. I am a singing master. For nearly sixty years I have taught people all over the world to sing, but never have I heard a voice like yours. Pardon me, Madame, forgive me if I weep, it is just that I am so happy there is no help for it. That superb place up there, and then your divine voice, . . . it is too much to ask for one evening. Madame, you see I am an old man, and a stranger to you, and so I thought—"

Then for the first time the woman spoke. The timber of her voice and her words smote him.

"But surely, Herr von Sternberg, you remember me. Surely you have not forgotten? Mary Brown from Boston? You taught me how to sing, Herr von Sternberg. It was not I but you who sang up there a little while ago. Do you remem-

## Sonnet

A hurt might pierce my spirit like a wound  
Thrust through the startled flesh by keen-edged  
blade,

And I should take the blow with scarce a sound,  
Because it were so swiftly, cleanly made;  
The foe who held the sword I might not reach,  
It would be God or some swift-striking Fate  
To whom it would be useless to beseech,  
For whom my answering thrusts were all too late.  
But other hurts seem but to bruise the heart  
Like jarring blows from some dull blunted thing;  
Or else the flesh is pricked by secret dart  
That leaves within the wound its hateful sting;  
And I am struck not by the bright steel swords  
But clumsy stones and little poisoned words.

—Lee Anna Embrey.

ber when I was a girl of twenty at your recitals, how, when the people all pressed around I could not sing because it was so quiet I could hear them breathe? I can't sing yet when I can hear them breathe. I have never got over those fits of facing people and I never will. I can sing, yes, but not if I know that there are people listening. Tonight I did not know that you were there—"

Time dipped back, and again she was the slip of an American girl who had gone home, and they had wept together when she left. There were tears in old Herr von Sternberg's eyes. It was too much, too much.

"Ach, Fraulein. Such song. Such song."

He leaned against the shutter and stared out at the painted sea and listened to his wife. Frau von Sternberg was furious.

"Athens in the summer," she cried for the hundredth time, "is impossible! Let's go home!"

He did not answer her. He had answered her many times already. The Browns were there and Mama could have her bridge—

When Angrum became too dull for them and they found that they knew no attractive people there old Herr von Sternberg ordered Frau von Sternberg to pack their luggage. She did. So it came about one fine day in summer that they found themselves in a rattling motor-car with a chauffeur who spoke not their language, flying over a white winding road and Angrum lay far behind.

THE END.

## The Ebb Tide

By MARIE O'BRIEN

At ebb tide the seashore is fascinating, uninteresting or repulsive, according to the individual's point of view. Where one person may find an interest in the strange refuse left upon the shore, in the forms of animal life revealed, and in the rocks and sandbars which come into sight, another observer may note only that the sandy beach extends into muck and mire, that only low forms of life appear, that the islands are false sandbars assuming the appearance of dry land, and that parasitic growths are found, shallows observed and strength and depth are lacking. One may enjoy the sigh of vegetation in salt marshes and the stimulating tang of the air, while another turns away in disgust from the effluvia of the mud flats. Regardless of the effect, the ebb tide must come before the full strength and vigor of high tide—in the sea and in most phases of life.

So with the novel. The phase known as that of the Gothic romances represents the ebb tide in the development of the English novel. One who seeks for and finds beauty and merit in the lowlands at low tide may find qualities in the Gothic romances. More people will appreciate, however, the obvious beauty of the white capped sea at high tide. As we expect to find weaker creatures of the sea when the tide is out, so we may expect to find minor writers producing the literature of the low tide of the novel and of romanticism.

As one who has long been inland may find interest and excitement in all matters which relate to the sea, so Horace Walpole and his readers, wearied of the study of the social manners and morals of England, enjoyed in *The Castle of Otranto* and excursion to the shores of romanticism and revelled in antiquity and mystery. Its sentimentalism and melancholy fatalism, visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children in a bizarre manner, its castles, ghosts, bleeding statues and other supernatural phenomena are romanticism rampant. When the tide of reason sweeps away some of the refuse and debris, the better elements are carried into later romantic novels which deal with mystery with more restraint.

Just as a child might gaze with wonder, admiration and excitement on all the strange objects presented for inspection by the long meaches of low tide, so Mrs. Radcliffe wanders afield and approaches the deep waters of literature—but evades being engulfed just as the child on the beach turns back from the high waves. From a safe distance she views the Italian and French scenes and gives us synthetic descriptions. Her story is told with just the some degree of repetition and attention to irrelevant detail as in a child's account of the wonders he beholds, and with about the same perspective. In the scenic effects of romanticism she finds the same, and often repeated interest, which a child would find in the wondrous shells cast on the shore. Her analysis of character, her emphasis of one or two characteristics such as the weak gentility of a fainting heroine and the persistent evil of her ogre of a villain are as superficial as the child's examination into a marine biology. But as the child usually manages to display a sense of the dramatic and by his own absorption in his subject succeeds in transferring some of his interest and enthusiasm, so she succeeds. The interest in her work must have been the same as the interest in the naiveties of the child in this respect—both supply the adult mind with a means of escape from the realities and worries of the work-a-day world.

William Beckford found other objects of interest on the far reaches of the shores of romanticism. He brought to his explorations nothing of naivete but much of irony, wit, subtlety and intellect. A sinister impulse apparently prompted him to devote most of his examination to the ugly shapes of low fauna. One with a similar taste might tramp through the most uninviting marsh in order to find some flowers that bloomed in its depths. A reader who can pore through *Vathek* without permitting his whole being to be revolted by the degeneracy of *Vathek* and *Carathis*, his mother, and without concentrating his thoughts on wishing them an earlier success in their determined efforts to descend into a literal Hell, will find a keen satire which exposes the current frailties of society, a wit and irony which is characteristic of the cultured dilettante. To one who patience is easily exhausted by detailed accounts of wholesale murders, pyres of living and dead and by horrid shapes and scenes, the rewards of vivid description and ironical wit may seem to be insufficient for the time expended. If one has the patience and desire to dredge the mire, unexpected pearls and treasures may be found and each reader may judge whether the result is adequate for the effort.

To this reader these three Gothic romances have only an historical interest. They reveal the underlying romanticism, show the value of description, the possibilities in a literature of escape, and hold the hope that their better parts may be carried forward when the ebb tide is over and a stronger force is coming in. In spite of its inevitable existence, as a necessary period of transition, the ebb tide is a low tide.



# Ivan Cankar's "Istrian Donkey"

Translated by FRANK ROZNIK

**S**OME years ago I read (I think it was in the *Laibacher Zeitung*) a short story, which even at that time seemed to me very interesting and instructive. I am afraid, however, that people have forgotten this story, because it was published among the pages of common advertising and old-fashioned jokes. It impressed me, however, unforgettably, although I could not comprehend even then what was its real plot and significance. Perhaps someone else who likes such business will endeavor to clear up this thing from the bottom.

In some Istrian town the city council decided that it was necessary to ennoble the race of donkeys. The peasant women were coming in the morning into the city upon the backs of very strange animals, which scarcely bore a likeness to donkeys. They were nothing but bare bones; their hair was worn and bristled, and on their backs and thighs appeared bare skin; like real monsters they seemed. The head was of abnormal size, even larger than the whole body, wearily and lazily bending down to the ground; and, most significant of all, the ears, the most important and arrogant symbol of the donkey's race, were unusually small, like those of a wolf. But why should I talk any more about this? One time there appeared at the market a lonely stranger, a skinny man in a long gray overcoat with a traveler's hood on his head; he saw there the donkey which really was no donkey, and he passionately spat on the ground. The councilman Vallencich stood at the threshold of his inn, and he saw this scandal.

They had a conference and inquired of the learned men for advice in this matter; and the answer was that somewhere in central Italy, in the famous Abruzz, was living the best and strongest race of donkeys. They wrote a letter to the famous Abruzz, explaining their desire to ennoble the race of donkeys, and that they had heard about the famous race of Abruzz. And so it was. The gentlemen in Abruzz read this letter, and immediately investigated into the race of donkeys and selected the best and strongest donkey, which was widely known for its numerous virtues. They sent this animal to their brothers in Istria, and in addition they wrote them a very kind letter.

There was a great holiday in the Istrian town, and great was its joy. The sun shone bright and hot over the public square, upon the ancient Venetian Cathedral, upon the dark brown walls with very few small windows; it shone sometimes compassionately even into those dim, cool and narrow streets, where a man could scarcely pass by another. In the harbor there were, rocking slightly, a few fishers' yachts with variegated sails; the horizon appeared as if there were only a great bright light; and it was impossible to distinguish the line between the sky and the ocean.

Early in the morning the townsfolk were dressed in their Sunday clothes, walking up and down the streets and on the shore, and some of them resting in saloons. The noblemen walked around proudly, with calculated steps, exposing their nobility to the sun. Around the shore there were standing picturesque crowds of peasants from the whole community; they held their hands crossed behind their backs and with bowed backs and solemn expression they looked upon the ocean. So they stood there as early as noon, even though the yacht was reported to arrive at some evening hour. At the extreme edge of the harbor some fishermen lay on their backs, their hands beneath their heads, and their burned faces exposed directly to the sun; open-mouthed they slept firmly and quietly.

Before the sun came down upon the shining surface of the ocean, there appeared on the horizon a narrow black shadow, the size of a swallow. For a long time this black swallow remained as if unmoving; its size was increasing gradually, but it did not move. Then it turned suddenly on its side and moved on over the ocean. The yacht sailed swiftly around in a triumphant circle, so that white sparks glittered behind her.

The noblemen arrived from the town and from coffee-houses, and the townsfolk from saloons; the peasants bent their bodies lower, the fishermen woke up. All stood there enchanted, their eyes shining and their faces expressing great joy. No one said a word until the yacht turned directly into the harbor. At the same moment, however, there roared into the air such a triumphant clamor as the heaven never heard before.

"Hail! Hail!" Noisily, like a fluttering bird, moistened and weary, stopped the yacht. The noblemen stepped forward in the first line, close to the bridge. A great noise then arose on deck—laughs and shrieks echoed in the air, and far down to the Venetian Cathedral. There appeared a very strange animal with a likeness to what God knows! It ran shyly around on the deck; men were pulling and beating it; until they brought it upon the bridge. A sunburnt sailor pulled it on a strong rope from the front, and another

**INTRODUCTORY**  
A few blocks from the main street up the hill in the city of Vrhnika, Slovenia, Yugoslavia, there is a small house, the birthplace of a great Slovenian author, Ivan Cankar. He was born on May 10, 1876 one of a few children in a poor tailor's family. He finished the grammar school in his home town, and then entered the high school in Ljubljana at the age of twelve. In the first years of his schooling he proved to be a student of brilliance; his mother wanted him to become a priest, but he himself felt that his nature was not one to "preach" things which had already been told many times. In other words, he possessed that kind of individuality which made him a rebel against the rule, against the literary tradition and political system.

Cankar, while a student in the high school, became chiefly interested in literature. His first ballad, *Kacijamar*, appeared in the *Ljubljanski Zvon* in 1893, when he was seventeen years of age; and after that time he wrote frequently lyrical poetry and short stories. The experiences of his own life and the observance of his own nation gave him the main source for his writings. His life was always full of poverty and misery, and he found his nation in a great struggle for its existence, oppressed by the Pan-Germanism of the old Austrian government and other hostile neighbors.

When Cankar finished his high school education in Ljubljana he decided to devote his future to technology, and entered the University of Vienna in 1895, where he stayed until 1907, but never finished the studies. During those twelve years in Vienna he wrote his masterpiece of modern Slovenian prose, producing about half of his entire works, and at the same time he worked hard as a journalist for different German newspapers, in order to earn his daily bread. In 1907 he returned to Ljubljana, where he spent the rest of his life, devoting his entire time for writing.

Besides poetry, Cankar wrote five plays and a great number of novels, satirical essays, and short stories which are being translated into many languages. He also translated into Slovenian Shakespeare's plays, *Hamlet* and *Romeo and Juliet*. One of his best novels is *The Bailiff Yerney and His Justice*, of which two translations appeared in English one in the U. S. translated by a young American-Slovenian writer, Louis Adamic, and the other in London, translated by Sidonie Yeras and H. C. Sewell. This last novel of Cankar's the most popular of all his works, was translated into many languages, and has recently been written as an opera.

We might have expected from Ivan Cankar many additional masterpieces, if too early death had not ended his life in 1918, at the age of forty-two as a result of pneumonia which affected his lungs and which was caused by his troublesome life and poverty since his birth.

—Frank Roznik.

sailor in the back beat it steadily, first from the left and then from the right side.

"This is your donkey from Abruzz!"

"Our donkey, holy God!"

"It has grown thin while traveling on the ocean!"

It had not only become thin: it had no likeness at all to the former hero from Abruzz. The head was obviously heavier, longer and clumsier than before; the body had become gaunt and had narrowed; the hair, formerly so shining and smooth, had darkened and bristled; and some would even say that the ears had become smaller. When the noblemen saw this monster, they paled with shame and wrath, and they did not know what to do. Even the disappointed crowd remained silent in their first horror. But from this silence there arose a terrible indignation.

"Down with the donkey! Throw it into the ocean! Beat it! Beat it! Kill it!"

Canes, rods, sticks, oars—from hundreds of hands—were instantly thrown at the animal in a barbarous manner, so that in the general panic even some fishermen and peasants were hit. The animal, greatly surprised, stood still, bracing all four feet, closed its eyes, and did not move from the spot. But when a heavy oar hit it right upon the nose, so that blood spurted, the animal stood up upon its front feet, beating around with its hind feet, and furiously ran away. It started first toward the ocean, and there turned around, ran through the center of the crowd and directly into the town. It knocked down some of the people and jumped over them; even the councilman Vallencich was knocked down into the dust right in front of his inn. The crowd followed

the animal and beat it so terribly that there was no hair upon its skin that was not cut twice and beaten into the skin and blood. The animal stopped for a moment in the front of the Venetian Cathedral, raised up its head, its nose toward heaven, and screamed with a horrible voice which was never like a donkey's voice. Then it ran further, tottering and staggering, but so swiftly that the wearied persecutors could not follow it. When the sun had drowned in the ocean and the Istrian twilight had darkened, the fleeing animal disappeared into the forests and was never seen again.

During the night, at the stroke of midnight, the people in the town woke up, trembling with horror. From the distant sorrowful hills and mountains, and all around the silent ocean, there was heard a voice that had no likeness to a human voice nor an animal's voice—really, the voice of a being partially human, that would complain to the God, but does not know a Christian word or prayer. This voice was heard the whole night, until the sunrise, and then it grew dumb. And so it went on every night for many, many years; so it is even today and so it will be, until God shall erase all sins from his book. Whoever has ever slept in the Istrian solitude must have heard that voice.

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## The Benevolent Loan Society

(Continued from Page 4)

ing, just like this. They think our safes are filled with gold and all we had to do is just dish it out like this—" "F. J." recalled that he was not now on the bookkeeping roost, remonstrating with belligerent brothers, and jammed on a mental brake to his chubby body. His nephew wondered at that involuntary half quiver in his seat. "Yes Jake, just like this. A lot do they care if our Uncle Sam sends one of his inspectors down to look into our reserves—Well, Jake, to make a long story short, it seems that these 'never close taxi people' are up against it, they are on the rocks, Jake, if you know exactly what I mean, so they want us to salvage them and put them on their feet with a nice juicy loan. And for collateral they offer us their equipment of about eighty cars. They say their equipment is A No. 1. Well, maybe it is and maybe it isn't. You can claim, I can claim, everybody can claim. I can say I am bigger than Morgan..."

By now it occurred to Uncle "F. J." that he might as well have been talking to the wall. His animated talk about banking, so near to his own heart, seemed to have a lulling effect upon the youth who had no reason to retain his consciousness, now that Lena's image was completely obliterated from his mind.

"Jake," again snapped "F. J." with a mixture of indulgence and patience, trying to invoke his nephew's interest. "Jake, I am in a predicament, and ask you as one business man asks another to help me out. The 'never close people' say that their equipment is O. K. and that we are safe to loan them our good money—tell me, Jake, what do you think of their equipment?"

"Rotten, Unk," fired back Jake, dropping his opinion quickly, as though some one had placed a hot cinder in his hands, which he was anxious to rid himself of.

"That's just what I thought, Jake, and I am glad that our ideas coincide," responded "F. J." hopefully, happy at the thought that he had succeeded in extracting an opinion from his nephew.

"But," began "F. J." charitably, "I want to be fair with these people before we turn them down. That you are a hundred per cent correct about their taxis I could see right away when you pulled up here, and the way their breaks screamed. A concern that can not afford new brake lining can not afford much else. And what is there as dangerous as a rotten brake? I ask you, Jake. Still, I decided to have a look in at their equipment myself. Now, I hear already Margie calling you for dinner, and you can go in soon yourself and take the seat next to your Lena—My, my—how nice she looks. I don't feel like eating now anyway, and I'll run out and give their taxi the once over. And right after supper, Jake, you take Lena and drive uptown. The further away you drive from the 'never close people's' office, the better it will suit me, so we can give their equipment a good test. Now, Jake, please and listen to me very carefully. If you don't find any trouble, you can just return their taxi, pay them the charges and say nothing. But I want you to do this for me, Jake. If you do



find trouble, give them hell in a loudish voice. Raise cane with them good and hard and don't be afraid or bashful. You see, Jake, that will help us out much, but don't tell them you stopped here or anywhere. In case they should ask you, don't say that everything is wrong, but please tell them JUST what is the matter. There is no use to knock all their equipment if only a spark plug goes wrong. If a wheel rolls off don't tell them it is the fault of the gas or the carburetor. BUT, if she spits and sputters, which is a sign of rotten gas, don't say that it is the differential or battery. Yunderstand, Jake, don't you. They respect you more if you are intelligent enough to know where the trouble lies. If you DO find the gas rotten, hint to them that they must be pretty low in their finances if they can't tank up at least with decent gas. Make it strong, Jake, yes make it kind of loudish so they won't brag any more of the A. No. 1 condition of their taxis. You can even tell them that you are out with your steady and she does not believe that there is something wrong with the gas—I mean the car—and that she accuses you of resorting to the bumish trick to ruin her, and that you may have a breach of promise suit on your hands yet. Yes, scare them up a bit and give them a mouthful. Your uncle, "F. J.," will stand behind you—no, don't tell anyone you stopped here. They may feel humiliated if they should find out that we are checking up on them. Here are three dollars for the taxi hire, and don't bother about the change. I should think they'll have a nerve to make any charge in case you have trouble. They'll be satisfied yet if YOU don't bother THEM. But don't bother about the change, anyway."

Similar instructions were handed out in rapid succession by "F. J." the same evening to other "Jakes," all kin of his family. This business kept "F. J." busy two more nights following this one. To be sure, appointments were carefully timed, so that no two would meet, which necessitated making the time interval between arrivals of sufficient duration.

Strange to relate, but in ever instance the same trouble ensued with the taxi just as soon as the "Jakes" with their autos wizzed a few miles from their uncle's abode and the stored up, good gas in the lines was used up. The symptoms, too, were of an identical nature. The purring engine, hitherto contented like a kitten, would suddenly begin to balk and sputter and scratch, the carburetor would suddenly catch a deathly cold, and even the spark plugs mutinied like badly disciplined soldiers and went on strike. It was as though a dose of strong stuff was suddenly administered to an unheard army of canines and felines hidden somewhere under the hood. Finally, the carburetor, like an animated thing struggling with life and death, would emit a throaty gurgle and abruptly cease to function. The taxi would then reel sluggishly, like a drunken cloth, toward the gutter, rub against the curb with the dying wheel and become quiet.

Never did the officials of the "Never Close Taxi Company" receive so many complaints of stalled cars; and the diagnosis of its experts was always the same—an inferior grade of gas. In fact, they could hardly dignify the solution with the word "gas."

"Even kerosene," their chief expert exclaimed, "will function better than this damned stuff."

Then it dawned upon them that they had changed the gas only a few days before. What other reason could there possibly be, then, that the new concern, compelled to underbid, was attempting to make up its losses by furnishing an inferior quality of gas.

Exactly three days later joy reigned supreme among the brothers of the B. L. S., sitting around their golden oak table, with their derbies floating like haloes around their heads and half-consumed cigars propped high. All, as if by common consent, were there to celebrate. All their cares and strifes seemed, for the moment at least, to have vanished. There was also a deep feeling of respect in their breasts for their lonely brother, "F. J.," who, however, was no party to their mirth. His back was now turned from the group of merry-makers, and he attempted to concentrate upon the work before him. The big ledger was open, but his heart was pressed in a vise, and the pen screeched aimlessly and mechanically. His son, David, formed the only little image in his racing mind that feebly attempted to stave off those dark and panicky forces.

The brothers noticed this, understood and eased off their ardor. They ceased bragging about the merits of their own gas, and to gloat over the fact that their competitor, who was successful in the recent bid, not only lost the "Never Close" business, but was on the verge of ruin because of this episode. More, more, and still more gas business stared them in the face. Other concerns were turning toward their gas and were asking for quotations.

"F. J.'s" silence continued to overpower them. They noticed the pen moving before him on the page of the open ledger, seemingly an animated thing in the hands of a robot. Silence prevailed and you could hear plainly the plaintive voice of

## Editors Comment

As a gesture towards preserving our personal safety, we would like first of all to apologize for the odd appearance of the last issue of the Review. We erroneously rendered Miss Marie O'Brien's name as Margaret O'Brien, and almost ruined her delightful article on the "Dangerous Books" by spelling Elmer Gantry as Elmer Cantory. To our other contributors we offered a variety of insults, such as spelling their names incorrectly, refurbishing their punctuation, and omitting lines here and there. And in the editorial column of that issue we did nothing but blandly ignore the fury and disaster that was storming about us, and chat irrelevancies. The reason for all the excitement lay in the fact that a few minutes before the Review was to go to press, it was discovered that we were two pages short. We kept the whole printing establishment waiting for hours and hours while we chirpily phoned back to town for more copy. Reader, have you ever faced enraged printers? It is, alas! a terrifying experience.

In continuance of our policy of offering you serious contributions by persons of importance beyond the campus, we are running an article by Norman Thomas in this issue. The other two Presidential candidates, Mr. Hoover and Mr. Roosevelt, were approached, but the secretaries of their secretaries informed us they could not give us anything. It will be remembered, however, that the Merry-Go-Round article of the last issue tackled the Republicans, while Mr. Thomas in this article censures the Democrats; if in the future we can present a criticism of the Social

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ists, we can consider ourselves just.

We, the present editor, are retiring with this issue, since we are graduating and are going to take ourself to other regions. Our successor will be Mr. Benjamin Schwarz, a gentleman of standing in the community; you may therefore await the coming of a much superior Review. We must express to you the pleasure we have had in the last several months in being able to provide for your literary needs, and only wish that we could have done a better job of it.

The three new authors we introduce are all students at the University. Ben Reb Ephraim and Stischus Munisch are pen-names for persons so well known on the campus that they could not permit the identification of their literary selves with their social personalities. Frank Roznik, who has given us a unique translation of a great Slovene classic, is attached to the Yugoslav Legation. Pendleton Hogan is a literary gentleman from Virginia, whose polished prose will undoubtedly reappear in subsequent issues; his Song is one of the most pleasant stories we have printed in a long time.

Now that we shall no longer be editor, you may perhaps observe our reappearance in the contributors' columns of this journal; out of the frying-pan into the fire. ....

the scratching pen, trying to say something befitting the occasion in its uncanny voice.

One of the brothers nodded a sign.

"Well?" quietly responded a second.

"Better let one of us make it out this time," advised a third.

"That's right, don't let's bother him now," agreed a fourth.

A check was made out. "T. B." signed it. After leisurely blotting it he rose, adjusted his cigar with several twitches of both lips, walked over to "F. J.," placed his left hand lightly upon his drooping shoulders, and with the check in his right hand, dangling toward the floor, placed it in front of his brother. It was for a substantial sum. "This," said "T. B.," "is your bonus for salvaging the gas contract at our original figure."

## The Clark Collection

The W. A. Clark Collection at the Corcoran Gallery of Art was bequeathed by the late Senator from Montana, William A. Clark. It is housed in a beautiful addition to the building which was erected as a tribute to Senator Clark by his widow and his daughters.

Although these works of art possess intrinsic merit, it is perhaps most famous for the varied vistas which it opens in the field of painting. Senator Clark favored the Dutch and French particularly.

The Dutch collection contains many famous paintings, such as "Portrait of a Gentleman" and the "Man With Hat Holding Scroll," by Rembrandt, and Nicholas Maes "A Young Physician With a Young Woman Who Is Sick." Senator Clark seems to have a settled purpose which governed him in the course of collecting his Dutch pictures. He loved them for their sincerity, their truth, their wholesome realism.

Clark had no sympathy with the Renaissance Italy. He acquired several Italian drawings, fragments of the Venetian and Florentine school.

The English group, although small, has a certain unity, significant of a particular development. The paintings, mostly of the eighteenth century, induct us into the evolution of a school. Hogarth served it with racy, forthright simplicity; Reynolds revives the traditions of Van Dyck, fusing brilliant painting with academic serenity. Through Lawrence, we gain an insight into the transition of the accomplished nineteenth century school.

Clark collected many, many French pictures. All the different moods and graces of the eighteenth century attracted him. Chardin's "Woman With Saucepan" is one of the best of this period. From the eighteenth century era, we turn to the growth of the nineteenth century art. Delacroix's "Tiger and Serpent" brings you abreast of the romantic movement, from there to the naturalism of the Barbizon School.

A large important part of the collection is made up of Senator Clark's twenty-two Corots. He was greatly interested in the great genius of French landscape. Through good fortune, he acquired "La Danse Sous les Arbres au Bord du Lac," "Rondes des Nymphes" and many others. Clark demonstrates his independence very markedly in his collection of French paintings, the works were not bought because they were supposed to be good, but because he liked them.

There is not enough of the American school of art to call it a school. These paintings represent important individuals such as Stuart's "Washington" and Abbey's "Trial of Queen Catherine."

—Mary Lee Watkins.

## Sobriquet

Sophie is tough;  
It goes through the world,  
Official name of a girl.  
Sophie is hard—  
In place of a smile  
You see the critical curl.

Now,

Sunya is sweet—  
The same little girl,  
But love and glamour abide.  
Sunya is just  
The classical name  
Of Sophie's sociable side.

And,

Sunny is best  
Described as a smile  
As bright as light from Above;  
Simple and pure,  
It is, I am sure,  
The sunny Sunny I love.

Then,

Sophie be hard,  
Or Sunya be sweet,  
Or Sunny be simple and pure,  
What we shall call  
The three as a whole  
Is more than I can conjure.  
—Stischus Munisch.

## Sonnet

Non, tu ne jouis point de ton oeuvre de sang,  
O cruel pharaon aux ivresses morbides.  
Et ton ambition et ton orgueil stupides  
N'ont fait que d'immoler tout un peuple innocent.

Ta momie pourrira avant le Jugement;  
Tu ne verras jamais le dieu-soleil splendide;  
Et ne dormiras pas sous la masse solide  
Que l'Egypte paya d'un travail de trente ans.

Mais ce n'est pas en vain, affreuse Pyramide  
Qu'il te rougit du sang de l'esclave sordide;  
Que tes pierres unies ont l'odeur de la chair;

Que ta forme a l'air d'une avide ambition.  
Non, ce n'est pas pour rien. Tu montres l'univers  
La bassesse humaine et sa punition.

—Rene Bonnerjea.